

December 25 cents

The American Mercury



HITLER TOLD ME THIS

By HERMANN RAUSCHNING

Former Nazi President of Danzig Senate

STALIN'S GREAT AMERICAN HOAX

By Herbert Solow

New Jersey, Politicians' Paradise	McAlister Coleman
The End of a Literary Decade	James T. Farrell
The Czechs Prepare to Strike	Emil Lengyel
Football's Palace Revolution	Harland Manchester
Poland Without a Halo	Max Nomad
Angry Editor of the South	Craddock Goins
Wanted: Art Critics	Jerome Mellquist
Bohemia on the Campus	Maurice Zolotow
Game of Cards. <i>A Story</i>	Robert Clurman
Pecos Bill, Cyclone Buster	Irving Fiske
Another Grand Old Party	I. D. W. Talmadge
The Deer	Alan Devoe
The Thought Heard Round the World	Katharine Roberts
Vocal Boys Make Good	Jerry Mason

LUNACY: RIGHT AND LEFT . BOOKS . POETRY . AMERICANA



Our Debt to Old Bohemia

"MY grandfather would have got a big kick out of this!" Frank Cermak ran a caressing finger along a transformer insulator, ready for the kiln. "He was a skilled pottery maker in Bohemia—turned out beautiful urns and vases. But he never tackled a job like this. It's about the biggest we've done."

Frank Cermak, head of the G-E Porcelain Department, isn't afraid of big jobs. His family have been skilled porcelain craftsmen for generations. His father, back in 1891, organized the department that Frank now manages. And Frank's son, too, is following the family tradition.

Ancient skills, passed on from father

to son for generations, still play a part in modern industry. Porcelain craftsmen, for instance, produce insulators which make possible the transmission of electricity from the powerhouse to homes and factories, where it serves you in a thousand different ways.

In General Electric are hundreds of men who, like Frank Cermak, are applying their special skills to the task of making electricity more useful and less expensive. These experts—scientists, engineers, skilled workmen—are helping to provide you with the comforts and conveniences that electricity makes possible. They, too, are devoting their lives to the creation of More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
GENERAL ELECTRIC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRISSELL

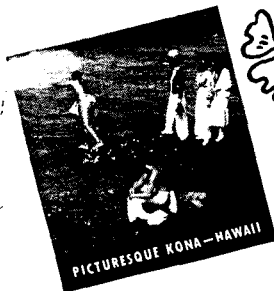


WAIKI BEACH—OAHU

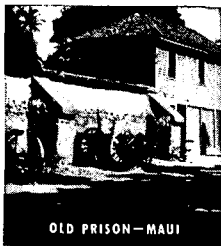


Hawaii

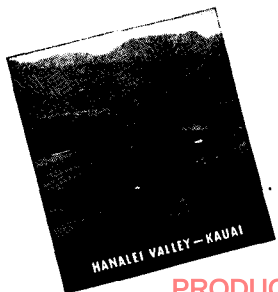
has been especially blessed



PICTURESQUE KONA—HAWAII



OLD PRISON—MAUI



HANALEI VALLEY—KAUAI

This brief story about Hawaii necessarily makes little attempt at completeness. Emphasis is placed upon the privilege of reveling in almost constant June weather, the beauty of cities and countryside, the usual sports and many found only in Hawaii. But to make an adequate profile of these Islands—you must do it—when you're here.

We ask you to believe that the particular spot known as Hawaii has been especially blessed. Of course, we speak for the people of Hawaii, who want you to come and visit. But we don't weight truth with exaggeration.

We don't say there aren't other places—interesting and important. But we do claim in Hawaii's behalf that nowhere else will you find so many of all the things that make for peace, happiness and contentment.

There are thousands of reasons for this assertion. The thousands upon thousands who have visited Hawaii (the Islands of Hawaii, Maui, Kauai and Oahu)—who say such things without a dissenting voice. Have you ever talked to someone who has visited Hawaii? We hope so.

The text and pictures (photographs in natural color for reality) in our booklet "*Nani O Hawaii*," taken together, will enable you to realize something of Hawaii's appeal and attractions. Information about the frequent sailings of magnificent liners from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver, B. C., and modest costs will enable you to sum practical things up. All of which are reasons for calling upon your Travel Agent, who provides this helpful service without cost or obligation.

This advertisement is sponsored by the Hawaii Tourist Bureau, Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A. Branches: 74 Main St., San Francisco; 736 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. A non-profit organization maintained for your service by

THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII

A HANDY CHECK-LIST

Thrills on Land and Sea

- | | | |
|----------------|--|--------|
| For <u>Bob</u> | LIVE AND KICKING NED
by John Masefield | \$2.50 |
| For..... | CAPTAIN ABBY and CAPTAIN JOHN
by Robert P. T. Coffin | \$2.50 |
| For..... | NEXT TO VALOUR
by John Jennings | \$2.75 |
| For..... | THE HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT
by R. C. Sherriff | \$2.50 |
| For..... | IRON BREW: A Century of American Ore & Steel
by Stewart H. Holbrook | \$2.50 |

Illustrated Gift Books

- | | | |
|------------------|--|--------|
| <i>For Ethel</i> | SOMETIME—NEVER
<i>by Clare Leighton</i> | \$3.50 |
| <i>For.....</i> | THE ROMANCE OF CLIPPER SHIPS
<i>by Basil Lubbock</i> | \$3.50 |
| <i>For.....</i> | FOLKSONGS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND
<i>by Eloise H. Linscott</i> | \$5.00 |
| <i>For.....</i> | THE GARDEN IN COLOR
<i>by Louise Beebe Wilder</i> | \$2.95 |

Your bookseller

60 Fifth Avenue, THE MACMILLAN

... . FOR GIFT-SHOPPERS

The American Scene

For Aunty MAUD, edited and arranged for publication
by *Richard Lee Strout* \$3.50

For..... A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP
by *Mary Ellen Chase* \$2.50

For..... IN THOSE DAYS
by *Prentiss Mournian* \$2.50

For..... AMERICA IN MIDPASSAGE
by *Charles A. and Mary R. Beard* \$3.50

For..... THE CHANGING WEST: An Economic Theory
About Our Golden Era
by *William Allen White* \$1.50

Tops in the New Fiction

For Sis ANOTHER CYNTHIA
by *Doris Leslie* \$2.50

For..... HUDSON REJOINS THE HERD
by *Claude Houghton* \$2.50

For..... THE PRIORY
by *Dorothy Whipple* \$2.50

For..... ABEL DAYTON
by *Flannery Lewis* \$2.50

will wrap and mail!

COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
XLVIII

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
192

December, 1939

Hitler Told Me This	Hermann Rauschnig	385
Stalin's Great American Hoax	Herbert Solow	394
Pecos Bill, Cyclone Buster	Irving Fiske	403
The End of a Literary Decade	James T. Farrell	408
The Czechs Prepare to Strike	Emil Lengyel	415
Thought Heard Round the World	Katharine Roberts	423
New Jersey, Politicians' Paradise	McAlister Coleman	426
Football's Palace Revolution	Harland Manchester	434
Lunacy: Right and Left		440
Poland Without a Halo	Max Nomad	442
Game of Cards. <i>A Story</i>	Robert Clurman	449
Another Grand Old Party	I. D. W. Talmadge	456
Vocal Boys Make Good	Jerry Mason	462
Angry Editor of the South	Craddock Goins	465
Bohemia on the Campus	Maurice Zolotow	471
THE STATE OF THE UNION:		
1. The Menace of Leisure. 2. Lindy, Lindy	Eugene Lyons	477
AMERICANA		482
DOWN TO EARTH:		
The Deer	Alan Devoe	485
POETRY:		
I. First Snow	Frances Frost	489
II. A Fugitive Text	Matthew Biller	489
III. Russia Invades Poland	John Gould Fletcher	490
Additional verse by David Ross, Robert Philip Hillier, Valdon Chaney, Charles G. Crellin, and Maxwell Bodenheim		
THE LIBRARY:		
Wanted: Art Critics	Jerome Mellquist	491
CHECK LIST		496
OPEN FORUM		500
CONTRIBUTORS		510
INDEX TO VOLUME XLVIII		511
RECORDED MUSIC		xii

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1939, by The American

Mercury, Inc. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

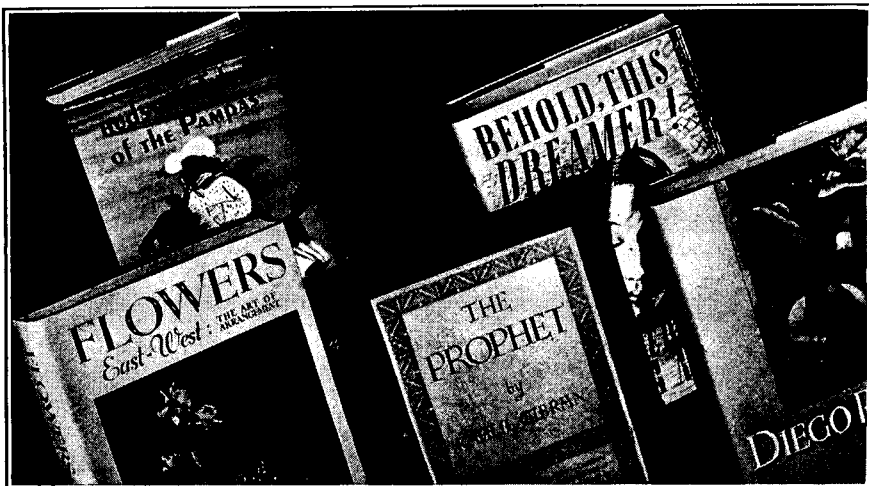
Lawrence E. Spivak, *Publisher*

Eugene Lyons, *Editor*

Allen Churchill *Managing Editor* Mildred Falk *Associate Editor* J. W. Ferman *Business Manager*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A choice selection of beautiful BORZOI books that make admirable gifts



TALES of the PAMPAS by W. H. HUDSON

The first illustrated edition ever made of these famous stories. With six full-page gravure illustrations by Roger Duvoisin. \$2.00

FLOWERS EAST-WEST: The Art of Arrangement

By J. GREGORY CONWAY

One hundred superb photographs of flower arrangements, in both Oriental and Western modes, make this the most beautiful and useful book in its field. \$6.00

BEHOLD, THIS DREAMER! by WALTER DE LA MARE

A rich anthology of prose and poetry on sleep, dreams, and hallucinations, by the world's greatest writers. With a long introduction by Mr. de la Mare. 710 pages, indexed. \$4.50

THE PROPHET by KAHLIL GIBRAN

The most famous of all the books of the Syrian artist-philosopher. Holiday edition, hand set throughout and printed on laid paper. With 12 illustrations in collotype. Boxed, \$5.00

DIEGO RIVERA, His Life and Times by BERTRAM D. WOLFE

A frontispiece in full color, 9 line cuts, and 160 illustrations in gravure add graphic beauty to this full biography of the great Mexican artist. \$6.00

*See them at your bookstore.
Let them speak for themselves.*



PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fascinating and important NEW reading

REMEMBER *ANIMAL TREASURE*? — Here's a new excursion into a fascinating world and among its strange creatures. Engagingly written, beautifully illustrated by the author. \$3.00

CARIBBEAN TREASURE

By Ivan T. Sanderson

THE HISTORY AND USES OF IDEAS — A pointed examination of ideas which have shaped our world. Penetrating sketches of important modern minds. \$3.50

IDEAS ARE WEAPONS

By Max Lerner

ONE BOOK EVERYONE SHOULD OWN — The bibles of all the great living source religions — in one handsome volume. Only non-essentials omitted. 1,440 pages. \$5.00

THE BIBLE OF THE WORLD

Edited By Robert O. Ballou

BY THE AUTHOR OF *MY SON, MY SON!* — The author recounts his childhood in England and reveals not only himself but also the intense poignancy of growing up. \$2.25

HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US

By Howard Spring

THE MOST FAMOUS NOVEL OF OUR TIME! — Now, translated into a dozen languages, the great story of the Joad family is in its 310th thousand in America. \$2.75

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

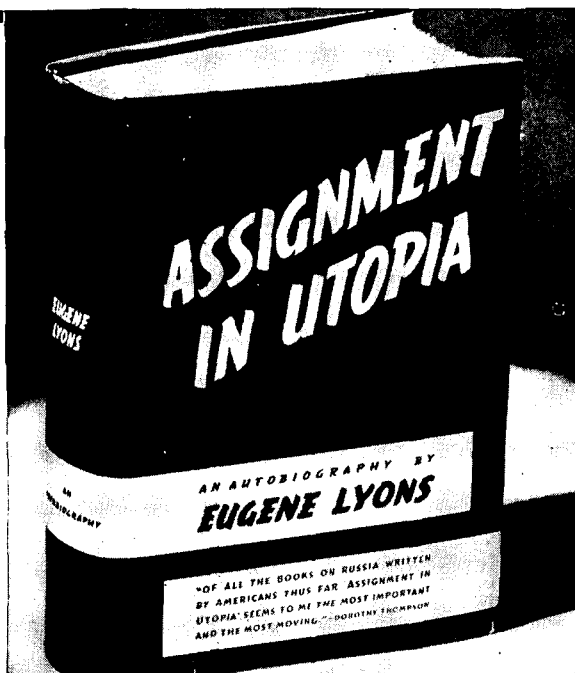
By John Steinbeck

THE VIKING PRESS 18 EAST 48TH ST. NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*New
Low-
Priced
Edition*



ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA by Eugene Lyons—the first book to tell the truth about Soviet Russia, the book of which Dorothy Thompson said, “Of all books on Russia written by Americans thus far, this seems to me the most important, and the most moving.”
Formerly \$3.50. Now in a Harbrace Edition at \$1.69

THE HARBRACE EDITIONS are new editions of outstanding books by well-known authors, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company. Their outstanding success and permanent value make possible their re-issue at greatly reduced prices.

Included in the hundred titles are books by Carl Sandburg, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Lytton Strachey, William Beebe, Paul de Kruif, William Seabrook, Louis Untermeyer, Virginia Woolf, Lincoln Steffens, Constance Rourke, Esther Forbes.

Send for a complete descriptive catalog

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York

A
Merry Christmas
to All



Your friends and neighbors
in the telephone company
send you best wishes for a
Merry Christmas.

Through the holidays,
as always, we'll be on hand—doing
our best to keep the Christmas spirit
in telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The American MERCURY

HITLER TOLD ME THIS

BY HERMANN RAUSCHNING

Dr. Rauschning was for years in the inner circle of Hitler's collaborators, entrusted with the important post of President of the Senate of Danzig. His opportunities for learning the Führer's startling plans and dreams for the future beyond this war were intimate and extensive. With his book The Revolution of Nihilism Dr. Rauschning has established himself as the foremost interpreter of Hitler's mind. The author is now in voluntary exile. — ED.

I KNOW Hitler's intentions out of his own mouth. Years ago he admitted with cynical frankness all those things which are now shaping into reality. He sketched his world-revolutionary alliance with Soviet Russia, the projected destruction of France, the breaking up of the British Empire, his designs upon the American hemisphere, his march into colonial areas. We who heard his intimate conversations in those years could not help taking them for the ravings of a megalomaniac.

Yet what seemed impossible then today hovers on the edge of fulfilment. I can, therefore, picture the consequences of a complete and overwhelming Hitler victory. This victory would mean the subversion of all established human relations. Not only would all political frontiers be mapped anew, but the foundations of human society would be turned upside down. The ensuing National Socialist world revolution would shatter everything, down to the deepest and most inti-

mate aspects of human life. Nothing would be spared that has given meaning to human existence.

When I alluded, two years ago, to the danger of an alliance between National Socialist Germany and Bolshevik Russia, people shook their heads unbelievably and pointed to the political aims outlined in *Mein Kampf*. Was not the East the direction Hitler's ambitions had chosen? But those of us close to him knew that Hitler was interested neither in the Ukraine nor in Danzig, nor even in Greater Germany as such. He was, and remains, interested solely in world revolution: the total re-ordering of life on this globe in accordance with his own visions. Whether the revolution started in the East or in the West, and how it would be promoted, depended only on the political situation and opportunities.

What Hitler craves is domination; exclusive world domination. He may be coldly calculating and even superior to other statesmen in the management of separate phases of his struggle. But he is altogether fantastic and obsessed, the creature of a fixed idea, as regards the greater goal of his life's work. He believes the German people have been destined for world domination. And he believes with a profound religious fervor that it is

his mission to lead his people to that destiny. It is a matter of indifference to him whether in the process he squanders the life-blood of the German people. He sees only the choice between an insignificant Germany and Germany the authoritarian World-Nation of the coming era. My indications of the consequences of a Hitler triumph, if they sound extravagant, should therefore be considered in the light of Hitler's paranoiac zeal.

The present war, in the Hitler view, is not a final event. It is one of a series of wars and uprisings in which no corner of the world will be spared by the internal and external blows of this revolutionary dynamism. Not even America is safe from Hitler's threat. In 1933 I dined at Hitler's table and heard his views on the United States. He began with the idea that, owing to its great social antagonisms, the United States was on the verge of a bloody revolution. He intimated that it would be easy for him actually to stir up this revolution or to stimulate its outbreak. Then the United States would never again be in a position to help the Western democracies of Europe.

Hitler went still further: National Socialism and its Führer had the mission of making a real nation out of America's conglomeration of

racism. He, Hitler, would take over and continue "Washington's task" and transform a corrupt moneyed democracy into a true people's democracy. At the same time the "German character" of the United States would be re-established. All the German blood that has streamed into America would wake up to its origin. North America would become a German state, closely connected with the German Empire in Europe. Fantastic? Not in the Führer's conversation.

Mexico, too, plays a part in Hitler's amazing scheme. Sir Henri Deterding, of the Royal Dutch Shell, had impressed upon him that Mexico was the richest country with the most incompetent and corrupt population of the world. German blood and German efficiency would therefore develop that country on a gigantic scale. That is why, years ago, Hitler's agents and Storm Troopers were sent to Mexico for a psychological war. The same was done to South America. Those who conceive of Hitler as merely interested in Southeastern Europe make a grave mistake. The creation of a Greater Germany and of a European-Asiatic Continental empire are only preliminary stages leading to world authority. His Greater Germany, the nucleus of his power,

Hitler created without a war. The help of the Western European democracies had made it easier for him to call into existence the big power bloc of 80,000,000. Their hope that they might thus induce Hitler to take the road of peace proved a delusion. The creation of that bloc was not the end of a national-revolutionary movement; it was the beginning of a world-revolutionary campaign. Hitler now had the base for the second phase. He never swerved from his main idea, that there was only one way for Germany to remain alive — by dominating Europe, and ultimately the world.

II

Two roads point to that Nazi Empire. One goes by way of the assimilation of Central and Southeastern Europe and to the goal of breaking up Russia. This is the old plan conceived by General Ludendorff: to create a chain of small vassal states under Germany's control. The Baltic countries, Poland, the Danube countries, and the Balkans; also the Ukraine, the Volga region, and Georgia in the Caucasus, which were to be separated from Russia — all these were to constitute a federation of states in which Germany alone would

command the army, guide the foreign policy, and determine the economic life. This, one might say, is the classical Eastern policy of National Socialism, as conceived by Alfred Rosenberg, Joseph Goebbels, and Hitler himself.

In the West this policy implies the crushing of France, with the annexation of its northern section, of Alsace-Lorraine, and of old Burgundy — that is, the territory west of Belfort. But the reduction of France to a small power is not the only Nazi war aim in the West. In addition to the Eastern Federation of States, there is to be a similar federation in the West and in the North. Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, as well as Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, are to submit to German leadership on the same terms as the small East European states. They have to cease to be independent states. They are to enter into the *Befehlsraum*, the “commanding sphere,” of Greater Germany, as the new expression has it. They may be permitted to keep some measure of autonomy. But their economy, politics, and social system would be determined by Germany, by National Socialism. Most important, the French, Dutch, and Belgian colonies would be taken over by Germany.

In Hitler’s opinion this gigantic plan could not be carried out at one blow. By a series of separate actions Germany could approach this aim so closely that eventually one final victorious war would secure its complete realization. These fevered ideas of a great European Empire occupied Hitler’s mind as early as 1933–1934, when the fear of sanctions by the Western powers still hovered as a possibility over Germany. Even at that early period it was his determination either to attack France first or to turn against the East. “Will Poland remain neutral if I attack the West?” was the first question which Hitler put to me when I reported to him about an interview with Marshal Pilsudski of Poland. Then he expounded to me his aims in the East, which went even farther than those which I have just outlined. He added that he would be pleased, of course, if he could carry out his Eastern policy *with* the help of Poland rather than *against* Poland. At that time he presented to me plans similar to those which Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop put years later to Polish Minister Beck: a joint German-Polish attack on Russia.

Besides this “classic” dream, however, there is another. It likewise contemplates domination over

sia just as he dropped his pact with Poland. Before this happens, however, he expects to win a decisive victory over France and bring about the isolation of England.

I had occasion to speak with Hitler several times on matters touching upon his Russian policy. In 1934 he suggested to me that I go to Russia and make connections. Actually the connections of the National Socialist Party with Soviet Russia had never been broken off. Hitler discussed the difficulties. He railed at the Bolsheviks as "Jewish masters of chicanery"; the Bolsheviks always wanted to get a complete hold of you, he said. No alliance of equal partners was possible with them: there was only domination or submission. He hinted that in case of an alliance with Russia he faced the danger of dealing with an adversary who was superior to him in the domain of domestic policy. And he explained to me that he was ready to do anything, even to conclude an alliance with Russia, if this should improve Germany's position. But such an alliance would never prevent him from eventually reverting to his real aim — the conquest or dismemberment of Russia.

Thus, what is going on now is merely a tactical move. It is a joint action offering advantages to

both partners. Who could deny that the Soviet Union is now in the process of improving its strategical and military-geographical position with regard to Germany? And who could deny that Germany's position has been weakened owing to Russia's westward advance? Hitler is ready to put up with this as the temporary price for conquering the European West and securing his rear during the present war. He intended to achieve this by attempting to win Poland over to an alliance or to a neutral position. He believes he has achieved it now through an alliance with Russia. And after conquering the West he will again turn his face to the East. Then, having obtained a broad continental basis in Northern Asia at Russia's expense, Hitler will take up the final destruction of the Anglo-Saxon powers — that is, the annihilation of the British Empire and the occupation of the United States, which in the meantime will have become exhausted by domestic revolutions. With the gigantic fleet to be constructed in subsequent years, he would enter the final phase of his policy: the achievement of world hegemony.

Such is Hitler's obsession, far-fetched though it must sound to any who have not experienced the man's unlimited megalomania.

Europe as a step towards world control. But the road it envisages is diametrically opposite. Its basic strategy is an alliance, rather than a conflict, with Russia. Hitler talked to me at length about this idea. Nothing, he indicated in effect, would prevent him from reversing his course — at a moment's notice, if necessary — and marching with the Russians instead of against them.

There has been from the beginning in the National Socialist Party a group favoring close alliance with Soviet Russia. This idea found wide support in influential circles outside the Nazi Party, and even among groups opposed to it. Their view broke sharply with the traditional conceptions of European middle-class nationalism. It started with the necessity of creating a politically, socially, and economically uniform giant empire from Vlissingen (Flushing) to Vladivostok; that is, from the North Sea to the Pacific. It insisted upon the need to create this continental line as the foundation for a new world order — not through war, but through an alliance with Russia. After all, the advocates of this scheme said, it mattered little whether the vast empire was National Socialist or Bolshevik. The differences were, in their opinion,

of no importance as against the larger world-revolutionary tasks of rational economic planning, of creating the new social order, and a “just” redistribution of the world's wealth. It was not of such paramount importance, in the end, whether Germans or Russians would come out on top in this close symbiosis of Germany and Russia. What really mattered was the finish of the democratic order, free economy, and capitalism.

Though he did not accept these ideas, Hitler never rejected them. He countenanced their advocacy in the Party by a number of regional leaders, such as Herr Koch of Eastern Prussia or Herr Kaufmann of Hamburg. He reserved for himself the right to switch to the second road of his revolution whenever he saw fit. One may ask whether the German-Russian pact and other things pointing in the same direction represent stages along this path towards world domination through an alliance of these two world revolutionary dictatorships.

I think I know Hitler's intentions sufficiently well to be able to state that this isn't the case. Hitler plays a false but bold game. His alliance with Bolshevism is only a tactical expedient. In due time he will abandon his alliance with Rus-

III

I have repeatedly heard Hitler himself expand upon his social ideas, and there has hardly been a ruler in modern times who has held the masses in such cynical contempt. Once, during a conversation in the innermost circle about the German policy in the East, I heard him explain what seemed to him particularly important in the acquisition of a free "living space." It was the "social system," the way of life foreseen by National Socialism. No civilization, Hitler said, can exist without a foundation of slavery. *New forms of slavery must be evolved*, he said. From time immemorial the subjected races, the prisoners of war, were the slaves of the conquerors. In the future, subjected nationalities constitute the lowest class of society. Their task would be to perform unskilled work in the industries and in the fields. They would have no rights.

Yes, he declaimed, we should have the courage to admit the advantages of illiteracy. A stop should be put to the talk about the ideal of public education for all. Science and education are weapons of domination. There should be no free access to them, except for the benefit of privileged groups. Above

this conquered mass of laborers there is to rise the class of Germans and German allies who would supply the skilled workers, the industrial managers and the government functionaries. These, in turn, would have above them the privileged class of National Socialist Party members, and it is out of their ranks that the revolutionary army is to be recruited. Finally, the whole edifice would be crowned by the new nobility, the National Socialist elite, forming a select group of masters, who alone would enjoy full liberty and a monopoly of power.

Summed up, these ideas may appear rank insanity. Yet they are the motivating intentions of the Nazis, and the attempt to carry them out will be made if Hitler wins. They are being put in practice wherever Hitler does win. The Czechs and the Poles are treated as virtual slaves. Their fate is shared by those Germans who oppose the regime. Forced-labor camps will become permanent and essential institutions in the new world-wide social system. Privileged groups among Party members and the National Socialist elite have already set themselves apart as a new ruling nobility, exempt from all middle-class tenets of honor and ethics.

What Hitler has in mind goes back to alleged historical experience. He makes it his peculiar ambition to carry out consciously what in former historical crises transpired of itself. "Yes, we are barbarians" he told me once. "It is our duty to break into the decaying, democratic world, just as the Germanic barbarians broke into the ancient Roman Empire. And it is in the midst of combats and destruction that we will create a new civilization." Such a will, consciously, almost zealously cruel, and dedicated to the destruction of that which exists, recognizes neither humanity, morality, nor inherent rights. "We must be cruel" is another saying of Hitler's, which he frequently uses — in the circle of his closest associates.

Hitler's victory would plunge the whole world into savagery. It would spell a breakdown of all political and spiritual traditions beyond anything experienced in the eight or ten thousand years of our history. It is easy to predict what would happen in the political field. Europe, from the Atlantic coast to the Pripet marshes in Poland and to the Black Sea — perhaps even beyond that, to the Urals or to the Pacific — will constitute a single territory subjected to National Socialism. Not

only would this subjugated area lose its independence and its specific forms of sovereignty, but National Socialist philosophy would be imposed. Brutal compulsion, terror, lies, spies, and informers would strangle all personal life. Hundreds of millions would deliberately be reduced to the hopelessness of a semi-animal existence. With cold, cruel calculation millions of humans would be slowly tortured to death. Vast territories would be turned into an enormous workshop, turning out war material on a still more gigantic scale for the final conquest of the world.

Science and art, both being unthinkable without the liberty of creative effort, will dry up and die. A few years ago the aged German physicist, Dr. Planck, spoke to me sadly of the ease with which the most vital threads of an intellectual community could be broken. The creative force of our civilization lives in a few thousand men with the highest intellectual accomplishments. They are in the possession of the invaluable experience of millenniums of intellectual work. If that intellectual continuum should break, we are beyond salvation, doomed to revert to the darkness of barbarism. Nor will it be possible to reproduce the external technical improve-

ments of our life for any length of time if the scientific achievements upon which they are based can no longer be maintained.

It is easy, as I said, to foresee the political and territorial consequences of a Hitler victory. It is not so easy for the modern mind to envisage the whole deep horror of its moral and social consequences. Europe has again and again been shaken by invasions of barbarians who were either driven back eventually, or assimilated. Today the invasion is from within, not from without. And the will-to-

destruction now has at its disposal technical means which external barbarians never possessed. Far more fearful than the annihilation of human life and cities will be the invisible destruction, the shattering of moral concepts. Already the world feels the contagious effects of a "realism" whose motto is "That which is useful is right." Hitler has destroyed right as an independent human category. In his own country he has deprived the population of all civil rights. He will recognize no right whatever if he wins.



PARENTAGE

BY MAXWELL BODENHEIM

HE WAS enamored with prophetic speech —
 Utopias a thousand years from now —
 And fond of jeweled words, "esthetic reach,"
 The fourth dimension and "the cosmic bow."
 Injustice was a queer, elusive theme
 To him, and truth could not be analyzed,
 But shifted like the waves within a dream
 Whose attributes could only be surmised.

He had a hatred for vulgarities,
 Thought that material wealth and poverty
 Were only trivial disparities
 Beyond which rare minds leapt, star-eyed and free. . . .
 And if his mother might be asphodels,
 His father, certainly, was H. G. Wells.

STALIN'S GREAT AMERICAN HOAX:

The League for Peace and Democracy

BY HERBERT SOLOW

THE American League for Peace and Democracy — formerly known as the League Against War and Fascism — was set up in 1932 by a special secret agent of the Kremlin, working through the Communist Party. By 1939 it had been innocently sanctified by the patronage of hundreds of prominent Americans, including ranking Federal officials. It had won the endorsement of churches, trade unions, and other organizations with aggregate memberships running into millions. Today the League is facing a crisis, not so much because of current government investigations, which have seemed to “smear” innocent persons along with the culpable, but rather as a result of the Stalin-Hitler alignment. An explosion now brewing may blast away liberal, labor, and pacifist support, and perhaps destroy the whole League structure. But whether it stands or falls, the League will be recorded by history as the biggest political

hoax ever put over in America by a foreign power.

The influence of the League cannot be measured merely by its claimed 20,000 dues-paying members. Though it may exaggerate in claiming to speak for 8,000,000 Americans, several millions have, in fact, supported it more or less consciously through affiliated organizations and have allowed themselves to be used by the League. According to the League's own statistics, such associated groups totaled this year 1023 separate units, including labor organizations, co-operatives, churches, and societies for such diverse purposes as peace, rifle practice, liberalism, and life insurance. Behind this elaborate “respectable” façade, League interests are controlled by a handful of Stalin's American agents, generated by Clarence Hathaway, a member of the League's National Committee and the Communist Party's Central Committee.

Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of

the Interior, wordily greeted the League's 1939 Congress. So did J. Finley Wilson, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks. Assistant Secretary of Commerce Chapman is among government officials belonging to the League. Governor Benson of Minnesota grand marshaled one of its big parades.

League Chairman is the Rev. Harry F. Ward of the Union Theological Seminary, who also heads the American Civil Liberties Union. Vice-chairmen include the Rev. William B. Spofford of the Church League for Industrial Democracy (Episcopal); A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen; Howard G. Costigan, boss of Washington State's influential Commonwealth Federation; and Robert Morss Lovett, until he was appointed Governor of the Virgin Islands last summer. On the Executive and National Committees are ten clergymen, including a bishop, and four present or former Congressmen — Bernard of Minnesota, Marcantonio of New York, O'Connell of Montana, and Scott of California. At one time or another, League committees have been decorated with the names of Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Herman Shumlin, Alla Nazimova, Leopold Stokowski, Rockwell Kent,

George Biddle, and coveys of professors and Hollywood illuminati. Many such people, and many simple-minded anti-fascist League rank-and-filers, lend their names without knowing what it is all about, pay little or no attention to the League's internal life or policy, and become innocent victims of the Kremlin hoax. The same cannot be said of men like the Rev. Ward; the Wards are what the Party calls fellow-travelers. Other people call them stooges.

Behind this glittering "front" the League operates, obviously disposing of more money than the \$33,000 total expenditures admitted for 1938. It publishes a monthly magazine, distributes more than a million pieces of propaganda annually, and appears frequently on paid radio programs. It issues press-releases to 1500 publications; promotes propaganda plays and movies; sends speakers to unions, schools, churches, clubs; sponsors mass meetings in Madison Square Garden and comparable halls, parades of 10,000 and more. It has brought 1000 women to one committee luncheon at the Hotel Commodore in New York and passed the plate for a total take of \$11,000. It has been able to petition Congress as spokesman for 1139 trade-union bodies.

II

The League always points to its respectable "front" names as establishing legitimate descent from Uncle Sam and the Statue of Liberty. All the same, it is, on the paternal side, pure Kremlin; and on the maternal, pure Communist Party. Its conception goes back to 1932, when Moscow, fearing the advance of the Mikado and Hitler, began to organize a far-flung frontier guard of foreign fellow-travelers and anti-war innocents. The League is the American link in a world-wide totalitarian apparatus.

To head the international project, Stalin chose one Willi Münzenberg, communist member of the Reichstag and wealthy director of a communist publishing house in Berlin. Through two French novelists who had abandoned *belles* for Kremlin letters — Henri Barbusse and Romain Rolland — Comrade Münzenberg issued a call to a world "anti-war" congress. The League for Peace and Democracy admittedly stems directly therefrom.

Münzenberg sent a plenipotentiary to the United States — one Urevich, a Kremlin undercover operative who posed as a German banker. Through Alexander Trachtenberg, member of the Central Executive Committee of the Amer-

ican Communist Party and head of the communist publishing house in New York, Urevich lined up local comrades skilled in the building of innocent "fronts." In the spring of 1932, some thirty persons met in the home of A. A. Heller, wealthy angel of the Friends of the Soviet Union. Among Party members present were Donald Henderson, now head of the CIO farm union; Joseph Freeman, Michael Gold, and Joshua Kunitz, all *New Masses* editors, Oakley Johnson, Edward Royce, and Belle Taub. Among trusted fellow-travelers posing as independents were Malcolm Cowley of the *New Republic* and Prof. Bernhard J. Stern. Also present were Roger Baldwin, an old acquaintance of Münzenberg. There were also innocents, including the present writer, who did not "go along." Communist-dominated groups, leaders of which were present at this meeting, included the John Reed Clubs, Friends of the Soviet Union, Workers' International Relief, National Student Union, Anti-Imperialist League, International Workers Order, and the Trade Union Unity League.

This meeting formed the American Committee for the World Congress Against War. It staged a public conference on August 8, 1932. Here a proposal to seek the

backing of socialists and bona-fide trade unionists (that is, labor and radical groups which might be anti-Stalin) was booed down as "Trotskyism." The conference endorsed the Barbusse-Rolland congress call and designated a few delegates to the congress, later supplemented by others hand-picked by Urevich. Most of the thirty-two American delegates chosen were Party members like William Simons, Joseph Gardner, and Joseph Cohen, or trusted Party stooges like Dr. H. W. L. Dana and Prof. Margaret Schlauch. The real nature of the conventicle they attended a few weeks later, at Amsterdam — at which 800 of the 2200 delegates were *admittedly* Party members — may be judged from reports in the *Daily Worker* of September 17 and 19:

"Why, this is not a congress, it's a mass meeting," exclaimed a correspondent . . . in the midst of an ovation which the 2200 delegates gave to the Japanese, Sen Katayama. . . . The delegates burst forth with the *Internationale*. Tom Mann presided and made a speech of tribute to the veteran revolutionist. Throwing "parliamentary procedure" to the winds, Willi Münzenberg jumped to the "mike" . . . Vaillant-Couturier did likewise. There were many such moments. . . . The French or English-speaking delegates who did not understand the words . . . applauded with just as much fervor.

That fall, several American delegates organized the permanent American branch, which took the name of the American Committee for Struggle Against War. Of its seventy members, at least forty were Party members, including four from the communist Central Committee. On February 8, 1933, it participated in a demonstration in New York led by the Communist Party's Red Front Band. The Committee was also up front at the Stalinist turnout on May Day 1933. More important, it fronted for the Party in student circles: Henderson, for the Committee, and three Young Communist League representatives ran a student "anti-war" jamboree at the University of Chicago. The audience went wild for Browder, endorsed Henderson's committee, named Moscow-chosen May 30 as National Youth Day, and pledged itself to defend the Soviet Union.

After the Nazis took complete power in Germany on March 1, 1933, the Kremlin ordered its foreign agents to expand the "anti-war" movement by snuggling up to the hitherto tabooed leaders of socialist, labor, liberal, and pacifist organizations. Wherefore it was decided to revamp the Committee, and its June bulletin duly announced a United States Congress

Against War. That Congress created the *American League Against War and Fascism*.

The record bears out the statement of Communist Secretary Earl Browder that the position of the Communist Party "in the center as the moving and directive force" of the League "is clear and unchallenged."

III

The League has always refused to publish a list of affiliates or an analysis of the composition of its approximately annual congresses and its summary figures are not to be trusted. For example, the 1936 official congress record has it that only fifty-eight "political" delegates participated. But the *Daily Worker* (February 12) reveals that the Pittsburgh section of the Communist Party alone sent 150 delegates. The League's 1937 congress sought to cover up the communist role, resolving that the Communist Party was no longer to be an official affiliate. The *Daily Worker* of November 29, 1937 reported Browder's speech on the question as follows:

This is not a proposal to discriminate against the Communist Party — we of the Communist Party took the initiative to propose that until we can bring a considerable number of parties into

the League . . . we shall have no political party represented at all. I do not think it necessary for me to say that this does not mean the withdrawal of communists. . . . We are perfectly satisfied to have our representation through those who are elected as representatives of non-Party organizations. . . . I myself am not only a fraternal delegate from the Communist Party, but also am an official delegate from the International Workers Order.

That the Communist Party had neither withdrawn nor been expelled was obvious, and Browder has since admitted that his organization continued to pay the League the equivalent of its "former" dues payments, and to work with it in every way as before. Moreover, Browder's statement discloses that every Party member acting as a delegate to the League acts for the Communist Party, not for the organization which ostensibly elected him. By virtue of the fact that the League affiliates include a whole brigade of Communist stooge set-ups, plus the fact that innocent affiliates often choose as delegates clamorous Stalinists among their members, the Communist Party gets its congress majority regularly as clockwork. In 1937 Hillman Bishop estimated that the Communist Party congress majority had always run to about 70 per cent of the delegates.¹

¹ "The American League Against War and Fascism: A Study in Communist Tactics," 2nd ed., New York, 1937.

Local League organizations follow the national pattern. In New York, for instance, there were 288 members in the "city committee" in 1937. Of these, at least 200 were controlled by the Communist Party. This despite the fact that the League branches through which the communists got their voting strength had, altogether, less than one-sixth the total membership of Garment Workers Local 22, which could send only two representatives to the city body. Important executive posts were reserved for Party members or "safe" fellow-travelers. The office of the committee which set up the first Congress of the League was controlled by Henderson and Heller. After that congress the office was run by a communist caucus holding two-thirds of the controlling votes, with control of the official organ vested in a communist editor, Joseph Pass, and an editorial committee with a Stalinist majority composed of Henderson, Cowley, Ida Dailes, Kyle Crichton, and David Zablodowsky. The tradition has never been violated. The congress, miraculously, always elects Stalinist-supported candidates to executive positions.

Occasionally the Party has had difficulties with recalcitrant innocents or stooges, but generally

these people, as the *Daily Worker* once boasted, "were not organized and had no program" and therefore could not overcome the Kremlin machine. Sometimes a dissenter was silenced by a flood of limelight. At the third congress, Max Hayes of Cleveland submitted an anti-communist resolution, dropped it, and became a vice-chairman. Otherwise protestants are steam-rolled into silence. One after another, officials out of step with the Stalinist policy found they could not bring their views properly before the League members and were driven to resign. Among them were Rev. A. J. Muste of New York, chairman of the League's first committee on program; Liston Oak of New York, for some time editor of the official magazine; Rabbi Edward L. Israel of Baltimore, Mrs. Clinton Barr of Milwaukee, and Dorothy Detzer of Washington — all national committee members; and Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes, Grand Marshal-Designate of the League's New York parade in 1939.

Several times the elimination of obstreperous non-Stalinist groups proved difficult, but in the end it was always accomplished. When the first congress was being organized, for instance, J. B. Matthews (then a socialist working with the

communists, now an investigator for the Dies Committee) induced the Socialist Party and a dozen other bodies to take just under 50 per cent of the seats on the Congress Arrangements Committee. Alarmed at the possibility of losing control, the Stalinists voted additional seats to delegates of the Trade Unity League, notoriously a communist pocket-borough, thus precipitating the withdrawal of the Socialist Party. Later a few socialists, including Dr. Matthews, turned up on the League's first executive committee, constituting an obstacle to Stalinist absolutism in the League. But the dramatic "Madison Square Garden incident" drove the socialists out before they could affect League policies. On February 16, 1934, a gang of communists led by Clarence Hathaway of the *Daily Worker*, raided and disrupted a Garden rally run jointly by the American Federation of Labor and the Socialist Party to protest the massacre of Austrian workers by the Dollfuss government. The *Daily Worker* hailed the action of its thugs. The socialists and many other non-Stalinists, including National Chairman Matthews, resigned, declaring they could not fight fascism with those who served it by breaking up anti-fascist meetings.

IV

It was then that the Rev. Ward was thrown into the breach, to prove an unparalleled success at giving the League an innocent appearance. Writing about the ancestral Amsterdam meeting, the *Daily Worker* boasted that "*In the foreground of the Congress were more intellectuals, non-communist 'big-shots,' than communists.*" Today, nearly eight years after Amsterdam, the foreground is gaudier than ever with naïve idealists and ambitious demagogues. It remains, despite all these "respectable" decorations, Kremlin property.

The Communist Party assigns to League work the energies of thousands of its members, and reserves for its special use the most effective Stalinist stooges. At times the *Party Organizer*, a magazine for the insiders, devoted an article a month to instructing members on how to expand and run the League. A. A. Heller and the Party proper have replenished the League treasury. The Communist Party pumps in directly about \$3000 a year. Indeed, next to the Party itself, the League is Stalin's most important American instrument, for it effectively spreads propaganda in support of Stalin's foreign policy, which the League has consistently

endorsed in its manifold and ever-changing complexity.

At the beginning, the League denounced the League of Nations, the Versailles Treaty, the United States, England, Japan, France, Poland, and Rumania, as plotters for a new imperialist war. It attacked all non-Stalinist opponents of fascism; denounced Albert Einstein for "visualizing a war against Germany as a means of crushing fascism," Leon Blum as a "social-fascist twin of fascism," Leon Trotsky as "an anti-Soviet agent of French imperialism." The League's first congress (1933) condemned Roosevelt, the NRA, the CCC, Chiang Kai-shek, and America's role in Latin America. It condemned any possible "struggle between 'democratic' and 'fascist' countries." It endorsed only "the struggles of all colonial peoples" against empire, and the foreign policy and regime of the Soviet Union. . . . All of which squared to the millimeter with the 1932-33 Kremlin foreign policy.

By 1935, when the League's third congress adopted a new manifesto, the Kremlin had changed its line. Moscow was in the League of Nations, had pacts with France and Czechoslovakia, and was annoying Chiang Kai-shek, Blum, Einstein, and Roosevelt by the warmth of

its endorsements. Of course, Trotsky was still called an anti-Soviet agent, but now of German fascism rather than French imperialism. The Kremlin still swore it was for peace — but if necessary, by means of a war against Germany. It wanted only a few democratic allies, "concerted action," "collective security."

By no accident, the line of the League changed in exactly the same way. Its manifesto now opposed only aggressive wars, not imperialist wars in general. It found the Franco-Soviet pact "wholly in the spirit of the manifesto of Amsterdam," which had named France as a prime belligerent. It demanded that nations "proclaim the invader of another nation the enemy of mankind" and resort to sanctions, whose "American equivalent should operate to weaken the Fascist powers." Chairman Ward called (1937) for a "crusade" to save democracy, and (1939) for an American embargo to hamstring the Axis, and help its opponents. Existing neutrality legislation was "un-neutral" and "immoral." "Concerted action," which he advocated, could go a long way; the League turned down the Ludlow Amendment. The League "Against War" became the League "For Peace" — the better to be

able to support an eventual Moscow "war for peace" in alliance with the democracies. "Hands off Poland" was a leading League slogan. Again League leaders denounced Trotsky (as a Hitlerite this time), and again they specifically endorsed the Kremlin's foreign policy. . . . The Kremlin, and then the League, had changed attitudes on everything under the sun — but not on the Kremlin.

In August, 1939, Stalin shook von Ribbentrop's hand. The Kremlin dropped quibbles about democracy and fascism, aggression and defense. Indeed, it found Hitlerism to be purely "a matter of taste," and it collaborated practically with fascism against Poland. It dropped the demand for an anti-Axis American embargo, became cool to the idea of lifting the general embargo. It declared itself the most peace-loving of governments — and joined Hitler in demanding a European settlement on Moscow-Berlin terms.

Officials of the League for Peace and Democracy followed suit. Rev. Ward sounded off in favor of the new Soviet turn. Spofford denounced critics of the Moscow-Berlin deal. The League declared officially that it would not con-

demn "the actions of the Soviet Union," and its Executive Secretary, Rev. Thomas Harris, attacked Chamberlain and Daladier, praised the Soviet-German pact as having "created a most favorable opportunity for the United States to exert its influence on behalf of peace and democracy." Talk of saving Poland, lifting the embargo, giving Roosevelt a third term, was muted. A slogan favorable to the Ludlow Amendment was advanced.

Once again, the Kremlin and the League have changed attitudes on everything under the sun — but not on the Kremlin. Clearly, if the Communist Party has its way, the League will support Hitler's "peace" program — unless and until the Kremlin makes another shift. But this time some innocents are waking up and even some stooges are finding they can no longer take it. Unless a governmental witch-hunt *à la* A. Mitchell Palmer, accompanied by the indiscriminate slinging about of unfounded charges, should give the League a martyr's halo, liberal supporters are due to rebel. Where can their rebellion end? The Kremlin conceived the League. The Kremlin controls it. If necessary, the Kremlin will bury it.



PECOS BILL, CYCLONE BUSTER

BY IRVING FISKE

WHAT Paul Bunyan is to the lumberman, Pecos Bill is to the cowboy of the Southwest. Compared to Pecos Bill, however, Bunyan was a Milquetoast. The heroes of American folklore are the biggest, lustiest, most swashbuckling immortals evoked by the imagination of any people, and Bill is the most uproarious of them all — altogether a credit to the vitality of the cowboy imagination. Men of the Southwest cattle country for generations have swapped tall tales of Bill's colossal strength and superb contempt for opponents, whether men, beasts, floods, or cyclones.

Bill's career is unparalleled for versatility. As pioneer, range-rider, and cowboy supreme, he roved from Colorado south to the Rio Grande, from Texas west to the Pacific, opening up huge new stretches of territory wherever he went. He invented not only the six-shooter, but lassoing, train-robbing, highjacking, and most of the crimes popular in the old Southwest. He thought up taran-

tulas and centipedes as a practical joke on friends. Bill didn't invent cow-stealing — that was done by King David in the Bible — but he raised it to a fine art. His flair for the artistic even extended into more legitimate channels. He could handle a guitar as easily as a pair of six-shooters and was no mean composer. All the cowboy songs and ballads sung nowadays were written by him.

The southwestern and western landscape bears lasting marks of Bill's exploits. Once, when the cattle country was threatened by a tidal wave from the Pacific, Pecos Bill got his men together, we are told, and threw up breastworks to save the country. You may have heard about those protuberances; they're known as the Rocky Mountains.

When Bill wearied of bronco-busting, he invented cyclone-busting to make life interesting, and tamed some of the ugliest cyclones that ever tried to tear a countryside apart. One of them finally managed to avenge itself on him. Bill was riding a bucking cyclone

over three states on a bet, egging it on with earsplitting whoops, pausing now and then to light a cigarette on a lightning streak. Over California the cyclone turned on Bill, and rained out from under him. Bill fell with a terrific crash into Death Valley — now 280 feet below sea level as a result.

According to cowboys, Bill was born on the banks of the Pecos River in east Texas, at about the time Sam Houston came to that state — 1832. His mother, a husky pioneer lady who had once killed forty-five Indians with a broomstick, weaned him on moonshine and panther's milk. Bill made the neighborhood wildcats his playmates, helping them track down their prey, and whenever one of them made a catch, Bill jokingly snatched it away and swallowed it. This hurt their feelings so much the wildcats didn't want to play any more and moved out of the district *en masse*, leaving Bill without playmates.

When he was a year old, another family moved in fifty miles downstream. "Country's gittin' so dog-gone overcrowded a man ain't got room to move his elbows any more," said Bill's father. The family pulled up stakes, and struck out west. A few days later, Bill fell

out of the oversize trailer that had been especially built for him. There were twenty-eight other children in the family — sixteen brothers and twelve sisters — so three weeks passed before his parents missed him. Then it was too late to go back.

Bill, in the meantime, had adopted a pack of coyotes for company, squatting with them on the hills at night, howling his lungs out, and regarding himself as a coyote like the rest. By the time Bill was 6, he weighed a quarter ton — being then, cattlemen observe, just about half as big as a present-day Texas ranger thinks he is.

It wasn't until Bill was 10 that he again met another human being — a rawboned Texas cowboy, who persuaded him to return to the fold of humanity. The cowboy came upon Bill as he was engaged in killing a grizzly bear by hugging it to death.

"That's uncouth," said the cowboy, much annoyed.

"So what?" said Bill, ripping a hind leg off the bear and gnawing at it. "I'm a coyote, ain't I?"

"No, you ain't," said the cowboy, firmly. "Where's your tail? You're a human."

"I'm a coyote. I got fleas, ain't I?"

"That's nothing — all Texans

got fleas." The cowboy unlimbered his shooting-iron to lend emphasis to his remarks. "You're a human, I said."

"Maybe you're right," replied Bill. "Lead me to them humans. I'll look 'em over."

The cowboy guided him to the nearest town. Bill visited the saloons, depleted their stock, and settled down to stay. He experimented with all the vices, improved on most of them, and decided that he was a human being, all right. He associated with bad company, sank lower and lower in the human scale, and finally became a cowboy.

He soon was a bad man and the terror of the Southwest, but he had his redeeming qualities. Though he killed men in endless numbers, he had a soft heart. He never shot women, children, or tourists out of season. He never scalped his victims, but skinned them alive, and tenderly tanned their hides.

II

When Pecos Bill had killed all the bad men, Indians, and buffalo in west Texas, he decided to go into the cattle business for himself, and struck out west. The object of his search was the hardest, toughest outfit of cowhands in the world,

and the story of the obstacles he overcame to find them is a major epic. Three days out on the journey, his horse broke a leg and had to be shot. Bill slung the saddle over his shoulder and went off swearing. (Bill invented swearing.) Just then a twelve-foot rattlesnake rose in his path. Bill let the snake bite him three times first, just to fight fair, and then stepped in and punished it until it rattled for mercy. He carried the snake off with him, twirling it like a rope in his hands.

Fifty miles further on a mountain-lion twice as big as three steers lay crouching on the brow of a cliff. It saw Bill striding through the gulch below, and sprang, clawing and biting, onto his shoulders. Bill was in no mood for pleasantries. He slammed it against the ground, and gave it a real hard slapping around. Thirty seconds of that was enough for the lion, so Bill saddled the beast, mounted it, and using the snake as a quirt, went leaping off, one hundred feet at a jump. In the distance was a band of hostile bad men lying in wait for him. Bill came bounding in among them, the mountain-lion a-screechin', the snake a-rattlin', and Bill himself a-yippin' and a-howlin' like an ill-tempered nightmare. The terrified bad men broke and ran

at the sight. On a clear day some of them can still be seen dashing frantically up and down the sides of the Sierra Nevadas.

Bill spurred his mount on, and four days later ran into the cow outfit he was looking for. They stood around a campfire, whittling pieces of crowbar with their jack-knives and chewing raw cactus spikes — the orneriest, most vicious batch of hombres this side of Hades. A boilerful of beans was on the fire. Bill was hungry. He dismounted, strode in without a word, and emptied the whole boilerful down his throat. The others looked on silently. Then Bill stove in the top of a barrel of whiskey, up-ended it, and washed his meal down with twenty gallons of red-eye swallowed in twenty gulps. He was elected boss without further ceremony.

With his new outfit Bill revolutionized the cattle business. He staked out New Mexico as a cattle range, Arizona as a calf-pasture, and dug the Rio Grande to bring fresh water into his back yard. He introduced long-horn cattle, invented bulldogging, and taught his boys the use of the lariat — he himself could rope a whole herd in a single throw. When the railroads came into the Southwest, Bill contracted to supply them

with wood. He got a gang of Mexicans to do it, and gave each Mexican one-fourth of the wood hauled in payment. They had no idea what to do with it. He graciously took it off their hands for them, and didn't even charge them a cent. Pecos Bill, the cowboys say, originated many of the methods later adopted by big business.

One day Bill's men caught a week-old colt so big that it was straddling a full-grown pine tree when they found it. Bill raised it on dynamite sticks and nitroglycerine, and he was the only man in the world who could ride it. This was his horse Widow-Maker, famed throughout the cattle country.

It goes without saying that Pecos Bill had innumerable gargantuan love affairs, unprintable in nature. Only the tragic story of Slue-Foot Sue, Bill's bouncing bride, may be told in detail. He fell in love with Sue at first sight one morning when he saw her riding down the Rio Grande on a whale-sized catfish. Sue fell in love not only with Bill, but with his horse as well. Her one consuming ambition was to ride Widow-Maker, but to all her pleas Bill remained adamant until their wedding day.

The minute the ceremony was

over, Sue renewed her entreaties with such fervor that Bill gave in. Sue sprang upon Widow-Maker's back with a gleeful whoop. The horse bucked harder than ever, and she was thrown so high into the air she had to duck to let the moon go by. Sue was wearing a bustle made of spring steel and whale-bone, and each time she hit the ground she bounced high into the air again. She bounced up and down for twenty-two days, while Bill stood by begging her to stop, but she couldn't. So he had to shoot her to keep her from starving to death. Her death left an aching void in Bill's big bosom. He unofficially married only three dozen wives after that, but none of them could take the place of Slue-Foot Sue, his bouncing bride.

Bill turned to drink for consolation. Ordinary liquor had long before lost its effect. He mixed strychnine, wolf-poison, barbed wire, and fish-hooks into his drink to get a kick out of it; but that merely gave him indigestion. From then until he died, he took to ranging up and down the Rio Grande, shooting bad men by the hundreds to relieve his feelings.

Ironically enough, Pecos Bill bit the dust through the innocent agency of a mild-mannered tourist from Boston. The tourist approached him one day, all dressed up in a mail-order cowboy suit, and asked so many fool questions about the West that Bill stretched himself out at full length upon the ground and simply laughed himself to death.



CRESCENT MOON

BY ROBERT PHILIP HILLIER

TONIGHT the moon is a ripened cheese
 From which Darkness
 Has nibbled the heart,
 Leaving tiny bits
 Scattered
 About the sky.

► *Some notes by a novelist and critic
on literary disputes of the 1930s.*

THE END OF A LITERARY DECADE

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

THE decade of the 1930s, which comes to a close this month, witnessed many controversies among writers, some so bitter that they led to enduring hatreds. The issues which evoked these controversies were posed by the Left, and in the last years of the decade they became outright political in character. The accent of politics in literature and criticism has been increasingly more pronounced in these last ten years. In these notes I shall deal mainly with these features of the decade, but the reader should be reminded that a discussion of the controversies and the role of the Left in American literary and intellectual life does not exhaust the subject of the "literary thirties." Many writers continued to function without being involved in the political and politico-literary debates of the time. Among these one can number some whose position in contemporary writing is unquestioned; there is William Faulkner, for instance.

Likewise, although much has been written concerning "social content" in literature and the por-

trayal of social struggles in fiction, those in no way associated with political movements have frequently been most successful in utilizing material of social struggles in works of fiction. One of the finest American first novels of many years is Robert Penn Warren's *Night Rider* which portrays a social struggle with insight and without sacrificing individual characterization to didacticism. Yet Mr. Warren has not been associated with the political tendencies which have clashed inside the ranks of American criticism and literature. . . . In short, this article does not aim at a complete survey in any sense of the word.

When the 1930s opened, there was a growing number of writers and intellectuals who thought that a radical — yes, a revolutionary — change was necessary and on its way in our society. In the first years of the decade, criticism of the *status quo* sharpened. It began to be reflected in new fiction. John Chamberlain's excellent *Farewell*

to Reform appeared; the very title as well as the reception the book received were symptomatic of a mood of the time. Now, as the decade draws to an end, many of the same writers and intellectuals feel that bitter reaction, fascism, is imminent. In the early 1930s there was some hope and confidence. At the end, there is anxiety, apprehension, even signs of panic. The thirties have produced a new generation of tired radicals, radicals who are perhaps even more tired than their predecessors of 1917 and 1918. Important in the experience of these many writers and intellectuals during the ten years is the Soviet Union. In 1930, the Soviets still seemed to point the way to a new and more just social order; but in 1939 the Russian Revolution has been betrayed, and the ruling regime of the Soviet Union is obviously counter-revolutionary. This is the tragedy intimately bound up with the cycle from hope to despair through which so many have passed in this decade.

Many of the younger American writers who went Left in the early 1930s turned their eyes toward politics with little if any background. Some of them were then political illiterates, and some have remained precisely that. As a whole, they were practically un-

read in politics, political theory, economics, and history. The first stage of their politico-literary experience was generally one of novelty. They accepted and expressed all sorts of extravagant and irrational opinions. With the arrogance of ignorance they often ventured into print on subjects of which they knew nothing. They accepted ready-made political slogans and programs from the Stalinist movement.

Time was when radicalism opened men's eyes: it attracted their attention to a wider intellectual range. But the radical movement which many writers and intellectuals came to in the 1930s closed them. It was not often a path of intellectual adventure, and frequently it was a means to intellectual suicide. The basic political and historic causes of such a development are outside the scope of this article, but some of the things that happened are not. Neither are some of the results.

We can see these results in contrasts between certain individual careers. For instance, in literary criticism, one of the exceptions to what happened to many in this decade is Edmund Wilson. In the early thirties, he joined in the spiritual and intellectual migration of writers to the Left. However, he

retained his judgment, perception, and independence. When new questions were posed, he investigated them in all seriousness. He did not accept ready-made slogans merely because a radical brand was put on them. The result can be seen in his work. Whatever one thinks of various of his conclusions, Wilson's literary criticism has been the finest written in the last decade. It has revealed a mind that is constantly growing, and constantly enlarging its interests. A similar example, in the case of a younger critic, is that of Philip Rahv.

There is a sharp and revealing difference between Wilson in this decade, and Malcolm Cowley, his successor as literary editor of the *New Republic*. Cowley also "went Left." Despite the fact that he has delivered speeches on the values of the revolutionary movement to writers, his own work shows no signs that he has gained any benefits himself. His criticism during the last decade lacks character, analytical capacity, and breadth of judgment: it is wishy-washy, replete with personal asides, and often it is no more than an oblique application of the "party line" of the moment.¹

An even better example is

Granville Hicks. Before he became a Stalinist critic and joined the Communist Party, Hicks was an uninspired book reviewer and critic. After this step, he laid down the "party line" in literature. He was one of the most strident of critical sectarians. His judgments were practically always didactic. He wrote much nonsense about the class character of literature, and indulged again and again in advice-mongering to writers which was accepted only by the most mediocre. When the party line changed to that of the Popular Front policy, in 1935, the character of Mr. Hicks's judgments began to change. He started to praise writers whom he attacked brutally only shortly before. In the new period as in the old, he continued to lay down the line. But now, at the end of the decade, he resigns from the Communist Party. His letter of resignation casts doubts on the leadership, and more important, asserts that he could not remain in the party while harboring doubts. In other words, he could not remain in the party and think for himself. This confession coming from him makes his literary criticism of the last ten years ridiculous. It contains its own comment, and it epitomizes much of the experience of many Left writers in the thirties.

¹ See my review, *Dos Passos and His Critics*, in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, August, 1939.

II

During the first years of the decade, literary controversies still related to literature — to such questions as proletarian literature, Marxism, and criticism. Briefly they were concerned with the relationship of literature and politics, and literature and society. The essential issue in these controversies was sometimes revealed, but not always. Essentially it was whether or not literature should exist in its own right and develop according to its own logic, or whether it should be considered mere tactics for some “higher” purpose. The issue involved was one of literary authoritarianism *vs.* literary freedom. Max Eastman characterized it aptly with his phrase “artists in uniform.”

A number of books were written according to the pattern of the Left sectarians. These were hailed in their day, largely unread, and are now forgotten. One of the last of this type of novel to appear was Edwin Seaver's *Between the Hammer and the Anvil*; it elaborated the sentiment, “Don't call me sweetheart, call me comrade.” However, this kind of critical legislation did create dilemmas for some writers, dilemmas from which they have not always escaped. John Chamberlain has pictured

this dilemma in his chapter on literature in Harold Stearns' symposium, *America Now*. I quote him:

The dilemma of the socially conscious writer [read Stalinist] is illustrated by a young novelist of my acquaintance who has been trying for years to finish a book about the San Francisco waterfront strike of 1934. He cannot finish the book because he is all at sea concerning the motivating philosophy behind it. From month to month and year to year his attitude toward the present value of his protagonist keeps fluctuating with the movement of radical values [read party line] of radical morality, in a world of Moscow trials, undeclared wars, ‘Trojan horse’ tactics, and political “timing” that becomes political “two-timing.”

The value of revolutionary movements to culture is that they create a ferment of ideas and forge new perspectives which influence the cultural productions of the future. Such was a contribution of the French Revolution; such was the effect of the Irish national revolution; such for a few short years was the effect of the Russian Revolution before the OGPU put a uniform on the artist. There was a certain ferment in the early thirties, but it was canalized. And predicaments such as that of Mr. Chamberlain's friend were one of the results.

In 1935 the Communist International adopted the Popular Front line. This was reflected in American

cultural environments. A kind of literary Populism was born. The very meaning of "going Left" changed. Not only serious writers were included now in the Left; the influence and orbit stretched out until it encompassed nearly everyone *but* radicals. The new "cultural front" hastily enlisted commercial writers, high-priced Hollywood scenarists, a motley assortment of mystery plot mechanics, humorists, newspaper columnists, strip teasers, band leaders, glamour girls, actors, press agents, Broadway producers, aging wives with thwarted literary ambitions, and other such ornaments of American culture.

A number of famous writers, until then non-radical, were drawn into the new front. Their names were hung in the shiny bay window out front for the "cultural" customers, and under their names were slogans calling for the defense of culture and democracy, not to mention the salvation of humanity. But what went on inside was another story. Under cover of this Popular Front movement was conducted one of the most pernicious literary witch-hunts in American literary history. Practically all American writers of liberal or radical persuasion who opposed the line (the Stalin murders and so on) were bitterly at-

tacked, often slandered. Writers attacked their colleagues with manners and methods typical of ward politicians wresting the job of precinct captain from a rival. Sometimes these attacks were openly political. On other occasions, they took the form of gang-ups which pretended to be something other than what they were. The League of American Writers was one of the centers of this witch hunt. Many of its members are ornaments of present-day literature as viewed from the weekly literary supplements. And many of its members joined in the witch-hunt. When those who were thus attacked tried to defend themselves, some of these ornaments would declare with sudden "objectivity" that this was all factional politics. And they would go on affirming the approved line with appropriate gentility. Some of these ornaments are now declaring with characteristic objectivity that they never were fellow-travelers. But without them, this pernicious literary witch-hunt could not have been conducted with such immediate efficacy.

The decade of the 1920s produced more important works in American fiction than that of the 1930s. However, the writers who began to publish in the thirties reveal

one of the most interesting of developments in American writing — interesting sociologically. Out of a welter of books, there are a few of genuine merit and value, among them Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep*, Nelson Algren's *Somebody in Boots*, Edward Dahlberg's *Bottom Dogs*, some short stories by Erskine Caldwell, Daniel Fuchs' novels, John Fante's *Wait Until Spring, Bandini*, and others. But many of the works were written by flashes in the pan who didn't really flash. Yet many of the forgotten novels of the decade, when viewed together, reveal a definite current in American writing.

III

The dominant tradition of twentieth-century American literature is one of realism and naturalism. It has produced a literature which has told us, in concrete terms, the cost of American civilization. It has unfolded the patterns of American destiny, posed in terms of individual lives the problems and contradictions of our society, and corrected many latter-day myths. Also it has often cried out in social protest, and it has set the basis for the creation of the speech of Americans into a language of literature as well as one of life.

Most of the newer writers of the 1930s, whether their works be good, bad, or indifferent, have worked in that tradition.

However, we notice increasingly a difference in the types of environment described by the younger writers, and an attempt to introduce types of character that have not hitherto been treated seriously in American fiction. The 1930s in fiction attempted, briefly, to tell the story of the actuality of the American Melting Pot. Most of the younger writers of the period come from social backgrounds new to American fiction, though not to American life. They have come from the bottom and the near bottom of American society. Their work reflects this background. Armenians, Negroes (such as those in Richard Wright's powerful book, *Uncle Tom's Children*), Italians, Jewish soda clerks, share-croppers, Maine Yankees, miners, Cape Cod Portuguese, pool-room habitués — such are the characters whom the newcomers to our fiction have sought to describe.

In much of their work, these writers have relied on experience *qua* experience. Often they have seemed to feel that novelty is in itself sufficient for a work of literature. In consequence, there has often been no drive, no strug-

gle revealed to attain a way of seeing life, and an orientation which would permit many of these younger writers to continue growing and expanding, to go back into their material and see in it fresh emphases and additional meanings. I have spoken already of the ferment revolutionary movements create, which in turn affect culture. In the early 1930s, there was some expectation that this would happen in America. But dogmatism is the coffin lid that closes down over ferment. In consequence, many of the writers of the 1930s have not fulfilled the promise that was claimed for them.

Such writing shades off into many directions. Some of it is serious in the sense that Matthew Arnold would have used that word in relation to literature. But this tendency has also created a new type of popular fiction, the hard-boiled novel. This type of novel relies on expressive language; it lacks any underlying structure, but does fit a Hollywood pattern of action; it is swift; it has all the mannerisms, and none of the substance of genuine realistic writing. Works of this character are the books of Jerome Weidman, Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, James Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. These books stand in a sort

of intermediate position between genuinely serious works of realistic writing, and merely popular fictional entertainment. Their spread and popularity has aided in the confusing of literary values. And they have become characteristic of the 1930s.

These are some of the developments of the decade. What of the 1940s? Prediction is useless. The generation of writers of the next decade will have to come forth at a time of profound social crisis. The air is full of propaganda, passion, and partisanship. Conditions for writing seem worse daily. The dangers of suppression hang over the writer. The interest of men is getting far from the paths and the ways of literature. The coming writer stands amidst a kind of ruin. He must kindle excitement and enthusiasm for his work, confidence in himself, and he must forge his own perspectives. There are no literary movements now. There is little criticism written that is worth the paper on which it is printed. There is more talk of defending culture with bayonets now than of producing culture, and gaining from it those humanizing lessons and values which go so far to make man civilized. Thus dawn the 1940s. . . .

► *Just returned from Czechoslovakia,
the author The Danube believes*

THE CZECHS PREPARE TO STRIKE

BY EMIL LENGYEL

CZECHOSLOVAKIA is organizing for revolt. In deadly earnest the nation is systematically getting ready to wrest independence from the German invaders. The revolt is organized from abroad and draws its sustenance from all strata of the population. The German administration is being sabotaged. The Czechs have their underground legislative, executive, and judiciary branches of government. Any Czech applying to the Germans for legal remedy is a traitor and treated as such by his community. German soldiers have been killed, terror is rampant, the Gestapo is everywhere.

Few can visit, and even fewer can leave, the Protectorate of Czechoslovakia, Forbidden Land of Europe — it has become almost as difficult to approach as the heart of Tibet. Since the Germans suppress the news of smoldering revolt, only travelers can smuggle out such information. I have just returned from this Central European No Man's Land. In the course of a long visit I talked to public

officials, secret officials, and privates in the ranks of the subterranean insurrection.

I left the country convinced that an open revolt awaits Nazi Germany's first serious reverses in the field. The Czech underground government abroad has passed the word to its followers at home to refrain from individual acts of terror. It has warned that premature action is dangerous, that it might even be provoked by the Gestapo. But the resentments are too strong to be entirely restrained. Czechoslovakia throws acid at German soldiers. Members of the Reich's armed forces appear only in groups, *feldmässig*, as on the battlefield. The transfer of troops in the cities is effected with the aid of armored cars. There is an atmosphere of military siege.

The killing and acid-throwing are followed by Nazi curfews. Death is the penalty for approaching a lighted window after nightfall. Improvised Star Chambers try the inhabitants of suspected houses. The culprit's name may be known

to all, yet none speaks, and none understands German. A couple of the suspects are picked out almost at random and the execution squad does the rest. Ridicule, social ostracism, and open defiance are some of the other Czech weapons. The country sings ribald songs in the Czech language, and the German victors know they are the butts of jokes. Black uniformed SS elite guard members are known as chimney-sweeps, *komíníks*. Czech children shout "Heilt Hitler!" (Cure Hitler) in mock earnest. They imitate the goose step. Hotels must be forced to accommodate members of the German uniformed forces and for their benefit clean Czechoslovakia has started to breed bedbugs. Czech girls refuse to dance with German soldiers.

"Pravda Vitezi!" Czechs greet one another in the defiant words of the Hussite religious crusaders, "Truth Wins!" Czechoslovakia's Unknown Soldier sees the bowed heads of an entire nation. Cenotaphs for the war dead are erected even in small villages. The country resounds with the militant Hussite song "You who are the soldiers of God." Millions repeat the seventeenth century prayer "God strikes dead the murderous usurper." Pilgrimages have assumed the character of patriotic demonstrations.

The entire nation thrills to prophetic sermons. It will rise as one man, the countryside believes, the moment the radio fills their homes with the *Hymn of Huss*.

Peasants refuse to sell their produce to the Germans, and nocturnal fires help, where other methods fail. Tax-collectors come and go empty-handed. Nobody buys doomed property; foreclosures are sabotaged. Czechoslovakia's "Pittsburgh," the area around Moravska Ostrava, is in the hands of a patriotic "Mafia." Mysterious short-circuits paralyze the Vitkovice steel and iron works. Sometimes machinery breaks down completely, and no amount of bullying on the part of the Gestapo can make it whole. In the Skoda Works of Pilsen, Germans have replaced most of the Czech workers, yet the huge plants are haunted. Production schedules are ignored; trains run late and often empty.

Underground, Czechoslovakia is building up an army under the command of General Lev Prchala. Again the Czechs are to fight on the side of the French and English, as they did a quarter of a century ago. Again they are to have their Czechoslovak Legions, such as the one which smashed its way across Siberia after Russia had gone

Bolshevist and the newly-created republic called its sons.

II

How does this shadow government communicate with underground Czechoslovakia? Mysterious leaflets find their way into every Czech home. Sometimes they are dumped into the streets at night, and the wind circulates patriotic propaganda. Winding paths of the Sudeten ranges and the Carpathians seem to have been provided by Providence for bearers of contraband bundles. Through the National Unity movement, too, word penetrates. The Germans had meant this movement to become an annex of the Nazi party. Some 96 per cent of the country's adult population is organized in the movement, but it certainly is no help to the enemy. The Life's Joy movement, meant to be a copy of the Nazi "Kraft durch Freude," (Strength through Joy), provides a harmless-looking subterranean channel of information. Young men and women, members of this leisure organization, tramp the woods even as in Germany, but here they do not glorify the Führer.

The Czech press receives its instructions from Dr. Goebbels,

and it must obey. But Czechs have learned to read between the lines, and if the Germans were better served by their spies they would marvel at the popularity some newspaper advertisements achieve. They may advertise the sale of a popular brand of cheese on the market place, and the entire town is there — but cheese-buying does not seem to be the purpose. Word spreads, as if by magic, and the entire country reacts, as if hearing a mysterious command. The Czechoslovak Protectorate has been turned into a concentration camp by its German masters, and no jail has perfected such an amazing system of grapevine communication.

The Germans tried to copy some of Britain's most successful methods of colonization. They wanted to make their occupation invisible; they allowed some Czech police to function and even kept some native soldiers under arms. But the methods have failed. In the royal palace of Prague, now headquarters of the German Protector, Baron Constantin von Neurath, a mistaken alarm was turned in some weeks ago. The German guard, meaning to call the ambulance, instead turned the handle for the Czech police. They came in a hurry and the German guardsmen threw up

their hands. All Prague talked about this automatic reaction of fear and bad conscience. Czech soldiers were to occupy a position similar to that of the Sepoys in India. They were to be indoctrinated with Nazi ideals. They were placed under higher German military command. Their Reich officers were protected by special guards in separate wings of their barracks. Since the beginning of the war, the Czech soldiers have been gradually disarmed and none has remained to man the heavy machines of destruction. The few remaining are allowed to handle only light arms.

"The Czech people belong in two classes," I heard the Czechs saying. "The first group consists of Dr. Hacha, and the second group consists of the rest of the Czechs." Dr. Emil Hacha is nominally President of the Protectorate. It was he who last March "called" the Germans to come in and make order. Is he a traitor or a Nazi puppet? Observers outside Czechoslovakia are inclined to be impatient with Dr. Hacha. The Czechs themselves try to understand him. They know that last March he was subjected to a terrific third-degree. Hacha is a jurist. He knows paragraphs, but not life. He accepted Hitler, as he would have

accepted anyone having the authority to make and unmake laws. He is a broken and sick man. Frequently he pleads with the Protector to be allowed to resign, but the Germans know that it would be most difficult to fill his place. President Hacha was made by nature to be a dummy.

The Czechs also have a legal government, headed by General Alois Elias, Minister of Transportation in a former cabinet. How can a self-respecting Czech accept such a position? The answer is that the Czech government is not there to help but to hamper the Nazi administration. Pro-Nazi speeches made by some members of the cabinet from time to time are political camouflage.

This legal government leads the way in sabotaging the Reich authorities. It fights smilingly and with bowed heads. Every measure ordered by Berlin has been meticulously muddled. Take the case of the anti-Jewish laws. Several months ago Berlin sent word to Prague to introduce such laws. The government took note of the order, and passed it on to the Party of National Unity, the only legal political organization. The party appointed a "Commission to Study the Jewish Question," which went into the problem from

all angles. This took an inordinately long time, impatient Nazis thought. Finally, the commission decided to recommend its own idea of anti-Jewish legislation. It provided for the creation of "honorary Aryans," with certain Jews to be treated as non-Jews because of their contributions to the national life. The Nazis said this was outrageous, and took matters in hand by appointing another commission. This one, too, took its time, made its recommendation, which Berchtesgaden rejected. When the Nazis saw that they could do nothing with the Czechs, they finally issued their own "Decree on the De-Judaization of Bohemia-Moravia."

The Nazis by this time have realized that the main function of the Czech legal government is not to function. They are therefore gradually taking over all administrative and judicial work. The decree of March 16, 1939, which is the Magna Charta of Czech dependence, declares that the Protectorate is autonomous and administers itself. But the Protector has the right to veto laws and issue orders. He can also assume the right of running the entire country. At first Protector Neurath tried diplomacy — he had been a diplomat himself. His well-bred

methods found little favor among the German extremists, and their "wild man," K. H. Frank, had himself appointed Secretary of State, in charge of the police. Since the Protectorate was to be a *Polizeistaat*, a police state, he quickly gathered all threads of the government in his hands. Not being burdened with too much brain, he started to rule with the high-handed methods of a colonial plantation foreman. Neurath's policy of "whip and sugar" was replaced by the policy of the whip. Nothing could have helped the Czech illegal movement more.

Czech courts also followed the government's lead, and sabotaged German-made laws. Again the Nazis have intervened, and where Czech courts refuse to prosecute, German courts, invested with parallel jurisdiction, applied the Nazi laws. But now the Czechs have their own underground courts and it is expected that soon the Nazi judges will have an abundance of leisure.

III

Like so many others, I had been wondering why the Czechs were so complacent about the loss of their liberty. My eyes were opened when I visited a typical *rive gauche*

house in a quiet street of Paris. There I saw a part of Czechoslovakia's skeleton underground government, operating with little more than a typewriter and a secretary. A stone's throw away an inconspicuous marble slab designates the house in which former Presidents Thomas G. Masaryk and Eduard Benes created the republic of Czechoslovakia a quarter of a century ago. They, too, had begun their work with a dilapidated typewriter and one secretary.

With the information obtained in Paris, I began to make preparations for the trip into the Protectorate. As a writer I knew I would be denied the special permit needed to get into the Protectorate. Railroad passengers lacking this permit were transported in sealed cars, and rerouted in such a way as to avoid Prague. Finally I simply sneaked into the Protectorate. I started from Hungary. From there I went into Slovakia, which maintains a semblance of independence. It requires no visa from holders of American passports. I provided myself with a Baedeker about Italy which looked enough like a guidebook to put me in the tourist category. Then I took a local train to the frontier station of Slovakia and the Moravian part of the Protectorate,

where I got out and went for a hike in the Little Carpathian hills, with which I am fairly familiar. A pair of horn-rimmed glasses, a guidebook, and an American accent are wonderful introductions into any Central European country.

Everywhere I found traces of the brewing revolt. But how about the fascists and the Slovak part of the former free republic? Judging by the German-language press in the Protectorate, the majority of its population belongs to the Fascist Party. After they had seized the country, the Germans left no stone unturned to foster a native Nazi party. In this effort they comforted themselves with the thought that the Czech republic had a very noisy fascist group under the leadership of General Gajda, a fanatic super-patriot, who hated everyone except himself. Gajda's followers were the eternally dissatisfied and the inevitable crazy fringe. Since they did mad things, they got more publicity than ten times the number of sensible people. The Nazis started to finance Gajda, but his movement could not be launched. Then the Nazis scoured the gutters of the Protectorate and assembled a group of shady people willing to do anything for money. These so-called fascists passed resolutions,

which received the exclusive attention of the German-language press. They tried to disrupt the Party of National Unity, first, by discrediting it as unrepresentative of the people, and then by trying to blow it up from within. Their opponents were not deterred by the Nazi strong-arm men, and the fascists were routed. Gajda thereupon decided to make a break with his past. He asked for permission to be admitted into the party of national union. Today fascism is no longer an issue in the former Czech republic.

As for Slovakia, under the Czech republic she was poor, but not poverty-stricken. Nature had not favored her with rich raw materials. She has timber, which affords no royal road to wealth. Today Slovakia is bankrupt. The little she has must be sold to the Germans who pay her with "protection," promises, and trumpets. The Reich has squeezed her dry.

Nominally Slovakia is independent, with a government, foreign office, treasury, and army of her own. Why the inarticulate Slovaks should be given the independence denied to articulate Czechs remains a mystery. Slovakia accepted Germany's protection and undertook to conduct her foreign policy in close under-

standing with the German government. This was provided for in a treaty concluded for twenty-five years between the Slovaks and Germans. Yet in Slovakia I saw German troops everywhere. The Gestapo was as much at home as in the Protectorate. Anyone criticizing the Führer was taken into a concentration camp by the Germans themselves, without the formality of Slovak intervention. The former Masaryk Square of the capital, Bratislava, is now Adolf Hitler Square.

Everywhere the swastika was displayed, and the Slovak national flag hardly in evidence. I saw Reich anti-aircraft forces, "Flak" artillery, on top of the building across from government headquarters — a reminder to the Slovak government that it, too, was under German "protection." When I wanted to speak to the Rev. Joseph Tiso, a country priest of very doubtful political gifts, at present the head of the State, I learned that this could not be done without the presence of the Secretary of State for German Affairs, Dr. Franz Karmashin. Conveniently, he happened to be away. The "Deutsche Partei," German Party, rules the country, although Germans form less than 5 per cent of her population of 2,600,000.

Sabotage is also rampant in Slovakia. The Skoda Works Vag River plants, south of Zilina, have suffered much from mysterious black-hands. A Slovak regiment mutinied against the German command, was surrounded by Reich troops, and would have been severely punished but for the intervention of General Csatlos, nominal chief of the Slovak armed forces. The Catholics of Slovakia, who did not relish the Czech's national Catholic movement during the heyday of the republic, are no longer opposed, to resumption of the pre-Hitler co-operation with western Czechoslovakia.

For a thousand years the Slovaks had been under the rule of Hun-

gary. When they formed the Czechoslovak republic they complained about discrimination. The Czechs, on the other hand, maintained that the Slovaks needed education in self-government. The Slovaks today are slaves of the Germans and their independence is a farce. They are ready to co-operate with the Czechs. The Third Reich's ruthless rule has brought Czechs and Slovaks closer together than they had ever been before. Underground Czechoslovakia counts on the Slovaks to stand with the Czechs when the day of open revolt dawns. Both groups appear ready to take full advantage of Germany's preoccupation with other problems.



NON AMO TE '39

Marcus Valerius Martialis

I do not love thee, Herr Adolf,
 The reasons why I'm certain of;
 But this alone should be enough:
 Who *does* love thee, H. Adolf.

—VALDON CHANEY

► *An American dentist influenced the course of China's history with a*

THOUGHT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

THE democratic social philosophy of a Russian-born Brooklyn dentist, unknown to his own countrymen, has become part of the official and sanctified political credo of the new China. Because he wrote a book, and because a Chinese gentleman read it, China today aims to achieve democracy instead of a dictatorial state. Dr. Maurice William doesn't know how his small volume with the long title, *The Social Interpretation of History: A Refutation of the Marxian Economic Interpretation of History*, got into the hands of the celebrated Dr. Sun Yat-sen just at the crucial moment when he was laying down the political principles for the Chinese Republic. But it did, and Dr. Sun, whose lectures on the first two of his famous "Three Principles" had been communistic in tone, interrupted the course, retired for three months with Dr. William's book, and resumed the lectures with a changed viewpoint. He explained that he no longer believed in the class struggle but that, along with Dr.

William, he thought better conditions could be obtained through co-operation of business and labor. Then in the "Third Principle" of the "San Min Chu I," which present-day China follows with almost religious awe, Dr. Sun embodied whole passages from Dr. William's writings, giving due credit. Some time later, L. T. Chen, editor of the English edition of the "San Min Chu I," wrote from Peking that he had "learned from a personal friend of Dr. Sun Yat-sen that *The Social Interpretation of History* was a constant companion to him."

The mystery of how this obscure little book jumped the Pacific in 1924 to enter the national credo of an awakening people is deepened by the fact that a great many of the 2000 copies in the original printing still remain unsold in the author's hands.

Though his thought is cemented into Chinese life, Dr. William has never been to China. He is active, however, in the interests of the Chinese cause. He feels a sort of

moral responsibility, he says; and he believes, too, that since China has accepted American democratic principles at a time when an opposite system was being urged by brilliant Russian communist agitators backed by unlimited funds, we all have a certain moral responsibility in the matter. He has been speaking and writing articles urging that we cease selling war materials to Japan.

Historians and philosophers are aware of Dr. William. On this side of the Pacific, Prof. John Dewey was the first to refer publicly to the relation of the American book to the "San Min Chu I." Dr. James T. Shotwell has said that Dr. Sun's reading of the book "may yet turn out to be one of the most important single incidents in the history of Modern Asia." More recently other scholars have pointed out that the democratic ideas inspired in China by Dr. William halted Russia's march to domination in Asia. Distinguished Chinese diplomats and officials, visiting here, ask for an audience with his "in-tellectual eminence" and are stunned to find that Americans have not heard of Dr. William.

Dr. William was born in Khar'kov in 1881, the youngest of eight children. When he was 5 years old,

two of his brothers were about to be sent to Siberia for revolutionary activities, but escaped to America. Three years later the entire family followed. The inability of the immigration officers to understand the original family name translated it arbitrarily into "William" and it stuck. Young Maurice was a newsboy after school, ran errands, and endured the hardships common to poor immigrant children. As soon as he was old enough to think, he thought himself a Marxist. At 15 he was active in the Socialist Labor Party, and by the time he graduated from high school he was determined to devote his life to Marxist principles. The dentistry which he studied at New York University was merely a means of earning a living — his real interests were in the realm of ideas.

Even in the field of dentistry his social enthusiasms found expression. He led a crusade which drove dental quacks and racketeers out of New York, promoted socialized dentistry, and helped found the first free dental clinics in the big city. He was also active in bringing free health lectures to adults, and during the War himself lectured on the subject in our military camps.

The War developed his first doubts of the Marxist philoso-

phy. He saw socialists of all nations fighting against each other, despite their preaching of internationalism and class struggle. Giving up part of his practice for the sake of study, he began original researches into the ideas he had accepted second-hand. The product of his intellectual quest was the book that made history in, of all places, China; it was essentially an argument for democratic processes. In 1920 he took \$1200 from his modest earnings as a dentist and published a private edition. He sent copies to leading socialists and asked for their comment. Only one came — from the Marxian scholar A. M. Simon, whose enthusiasm was enough to induce Dr. William to invest in a public printing, in 1921. Then he resigned from the Socialist Party, saying that he had “gone through it and come out at the other end.”

A few hundred copies of Dr. William's book were given an English imprint and in the pre-Hitler era Oswald Spengler wrote a fine preface to a German edition. The book won critical praise, but no sale to speak of. A Chinese student, one Timothy Jen, asked for a copy, but whether that was how the volume reached Dr. Sun Yat-sen is still a mystery. The only certainty is that the mind of an unknown Brooklyn dentist and the mind of the father

of the new China met somewhere in space and struck fire. Dr. William first heard the astonishing fact when, a few years later, a friend of a friend mentioned an article which stated that Sun Yat-sen had told of being influenced by the unheralded American author.

In 1932, Dr. William published a volume on Sun Yat-sen's views, called *Sun Yat-sen versus Communism*. He argued for China's right to the support of the democratic nations. To arguments that arose for a time about Sun Yat-sen's own philosophy he replied: “Since he was admittedly influenced by a book with the sub-title ‘A *Refutation* of the Marxian Economic Interpretation of History,’ how can anyone misunderstand except deliberately?”

Because of his contribution to Chinese thought and his work in behalf of China, Dr. William has been made the only western member of the Kuomintang (Chinese Nationalist Party). But the significant *Social Interpretation of History*, which changed the course of China — though it was intended only as the sociological and philosophical record of the making of an American — remains unknown to the general public of its own country — even in these days of battling political ideologies.

NEW JERSEY, POLITICIANS' PARADISE

BY MCALISTER COLEMAN

THERE was an awful row when the first copy came in. Workers on the New Jersey Writers' Project had not leaned on mental shovels in digging up the dirt for the state guidebook. They went right back to the beginnings, told the state's story from the dubious activities of certain of its founders to the fantastic skulduggeries of the Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Frank Hague. This hardly jibed with the speeches of the Democratic Governor, the Hon. A. Harry Moore, about a Utopian commonwealth *sans* sales tax, income tax, or government intrusion on business; nor with the lyrical flights of his Republican predecessor, the Hon. Harold Giles "Happy" Hoffman, as he unfolded the glorious history of The Garden State before cheering Chamber of Commerce banquets.

The ingrate researchers even unearthed that one about the pigs which so plagued the inhabitants of early New York that the rooting herds were trussed up and shipped to Newark, "where no one minded."

Small wonder the Jersey delegation in Congress raised such a rumpus that the guidebook was held up more than a year, to appear at last in officially sanctified and judiciously emasculated form.

There is a general awareness among Jerseyites who read beyond the comic strips that the rest of America looks with curious and troubled eyes on the doings in their state. Those who know their history know that New Jersey was called "The Gangway State" by Benjamin Franklin, "The Mother of Trusts" at the time of the first holding companies, and "The Traitor State" by Lincoln Steffens in the muckraking era. Lonely sociologists wandering cloud-like amid the host of bankers, lawyers, stockbrokers, oil-burner salesmen, and ministers who constitute Jersey's Upper Classes, admit that it is doubtful if any other state presents so beautifully etched a picture of crude money-grubbing and political hijacking. Which knowledge merely deepens the sense of inferiority that shows itself today in

Jersey's resentment at the condescension of visiting New Yorkers and Philadelphians; in the eagerness with which the state takes to her bosom persons and corporations not wanted in other communities; and in flare-ups of petty chauvinism bewildering to outsiders.

"Foreign" criticism by Americans in any of the other forty-seven states has so infuriated the Jersey bosses that in notable instances they seem to have gone out of their collective heads. "These insults!" bellowed Mayor Frank Hague in one of his more coherent intervals before a microphone. "I'll make them pay for them!" Whereupon his pliant courts stuck his fellow-citizen, John Longo, into the penitentiary for nine months for circulating anti-Hague election petitions. In Hoboken the vigor of the local machine in persecuting Herman Matson, another rebel and like Longo a Catholic and a member of no radical party, put that town on the front pages. Things warmed up in Elizabeth when Morris Milgram, of the Workers Defense League, took the Supreme Court literally and distributed circulars, as the Court said he might. His arrest and trial brought more unpleasant publicity. Nor did Newark add to the state's reputation for law and order when

the local *polizei* stood idly by while known gangsters egged Norman Thomas.

Naturally the national limelight has played most glaringly on the lank figure of the Jersey City boss, Frank Hague. He's grand copy because he fumes as ungrammatically as Huey Long did, hurls Napoleonic boasts at his foes, and above all because while other would-be Caesars are mouth-shooters, Frank Hague acts. He engineers mob scenes in Journal Square; he throws political opponents into his Dachau, the Secaucus pen; he has his Elite Guard in the shape of young hoodlums; and Storm Troopers in inhabitants of state payrolls; he has the backing of large industrialists and small sweatshoppers, and important political allies not only in both old parties in his own state but in New Deal Washington as well.

II

But Jersey men smile when they hear Hague compared to Hitler. They are aware that the Democratic boss was turning out *Ja* votes in Hudson County when Adolf was still hanging around Vienna flophouses. Hague is simply in the long tradition of American municipal corruption. As a youngster he knew by heart the Tweed-

Crocker technique of shoes for the babies and shakedowns for the boys, and decade by decade he improved on it. The late Judge Leo Sullivan, chairman of the Democratic Committee of Hudson County, where Jersey City is located, in his sober moments used to say: "Tammany Hall isn't a patch on the behind of the Hague organization."

While Tammany, the Vare machine, the Curley, Pendergast, and Huey Long organizations have been broken or battered, the Hague machine survives. This despite the fact that it hasn't a single demagog to compare with the spellbinders of other municipal machines. Its three-time Governor, A. Harry Moore, sounds at his best embarrassingly like a high school valedictorian, though he is often described as the organization's best vote-getter. But in the mechanics of politics the Jersey City organization surpasses all others. It works 365 days a year, operating with fraud, force, and patronage to a degree never before applied in modern political history. Police power is corrupt, courts are controlled, political opponents are railroaded to prison, bankrupted, or driven from the state. The process of levying taxes smells to high heaven, and the power of the

political gangs has affected almost every important financial and business office.

Even in the original version of the aforementioned guidebook, there were notable gaps — one volume can't record all the political dirt. Nothing was said, for instance, about the Pulaski Skyway, the elevated road that cost the state \$16,000,000 but could have been built with a handsome profit for millions less. Neither was anything said about the seamier side of the Jersey City Medical Center which, when completed, will have swallowed \$20,000,000 of the taxpayers' money.

That Center is flung in the face of critics of the Hague set-up; his orators grow hysterical in extolling its burlesque on socialized medicine. But they never mention the building material companies which furnished the supplies for the Center, nor the other contracts and who got them. The half-dozen public, semi-public, and private hospitals in the city were not overburdened with patients when the Mayor conceived his ambitious program for hospital expansion. Within ten years the Center has become a cluster of skyscrapers shooting out of a smoke-choked valley, with physical facilities for a city three times the area and

population of Jersey City. So phenomenal was its growth that for more than two years one of its twenty-two-story buildings was not put into operation, and more than \$100,000 worth of equipment reposed on the top floor of another.

As a vote-getting machine the Medical Center surpasses anything in the record of even Tammany. Its two-way, radio-equipped ambulances clang through the city streets, ready to treat any voter, potential voter, or relative of a voter. A toothache as well as a fractured skull will bring Hague's medicos. A female interne, after an all-day tour of the afflicted, recently received a final order to call at a downtown tenement. In the flat of the victim she found an angry mother towering over a whimpering child. The mother turned to her child and screamed: "There! Didn't I tell you I'd call the doctor if you didn't eat your cereal!"

The population of Jersey City is represented by city officials and the Chamber of Commerce as 325,000 to 340,000. Both figures are estimates based on the anticipated increases in cities, with the figure of 316,000 recorded for the 1930 Federal Census used as the foundation. All these figures are false. Jersey City's population is less

than 300,000, probably somewhere around 275,000. The State Housing Commission, which recently completed surveys of population and housing conditions in all New Jersey cities, estimated it at 304,000; but this figure, they frankly admit, was also arrived at by using the 1930 Census figure. Other disinterested estimates have placed the population as low as 265,000.

Of the many reasons for publicizing inflated estimates, the most important is that the voting population in Jersey City would be too obviously out of proportion if there weren't a base population to justify it. No city directory has been published for at least fifteen years. Any directory supporting the population claims would have to include those who died within the past ten years or more, since most of them, as well as thousands of fictitious characters, are voting annually.

In Hudson County alone the machine can — and does when necessary — cast 50,000 fraudulent votes, through a system of organized repeating, floating, ballot switching, and ballot erasures. Fifty thousand votes can be used with telling effect at times. In the 1937 election for Governor the Hague candidate, A. Harry Moore, who campaigned with the slogan

that he had "promised my pooer, deah muthah to be Governor of New Jersey three times," won by less than 45,000 votes. The Rev. Lester Clee, his opponent, charged that throughout the state more than 100,000 fraudulent ballots had been cast. The Governor-elect made no comment.

There have been investigations which led nowhere. Indeed, there are various Federal inquiries under way now — by the Internal Revenue department, interested in the income-tax returns of politicians who, like Mayor Hague, live at millionaire levels on modest official salaries; by the Treasury Department in connection with the expenditures of WPA and other Federal grants; by the Department of Justice in connection with violation of civil liberties. This time something may come of it, if a Special Grand Jury not under the Ring's pressure can be found in New Jersey.

III

Hague, of course, has not been operating in a vacuum encased by the boundaries of Jersey City. There are a hundred lesser Hagues in the city halls from Bergen to Atlantic City. No county is without its own monuments to graft

and corruption — stadiums, playgrounds, hospitals, swimming pools constructed without relation to population, accessibility or anything but potential profits. In Atlantic County there is Republican Boss Enoch (Nocky) Johnson, now in difficulties with the income-tax collectors. Newark still rocks from the scandals involved in the purchase of real estate for her airport that brought the bulk of the Mayor Ellenstein administration into court. Hague's next-door neighbor, Mayor McFeely of Hoboken (also under FBI scrutiny), has long fed the McFeely clan at public expense — Mayor Bernard J. himself, Police Chief Edward J. McFeely, Police Captain Bernard McFeely, Lieutenant Dennis McFeely, contractor James J. McFeely, and David J. and Joseph M. McFeely of the Hoboken law department. It's a dull day in Jersey when some new scandal in municipal government fails to break.

In short, Hague is not an isolated phenomenon. While his antics have fascinated audiences from coast to coast, they have been not so much the exception to the normal behavior of Jersey bosses as their expansion to spectacular size. If there is any alleviating feature in a consideration of New Jersey politics, it is in the frankness with

which politicians there appraise their public duties. The voters are a "great beast" to be cozened for a few weeks before election and then thrown such crumbs as medical centers and pari-mutuel horse racing. The rest is patronage and pork — this, of course, irrespective of party labels. Beyond the fact that the Hague Democrats officially support the New Deal, they cannot be distinguished from Hague Republicans.

The beautiful candor with which the looting proceeds may be judged from the Jersey City budget, probably the world's most padded scandal sheet. As the Rev. Clee recently pointed out, "Jersey City's budget for 1939 is over \$30,000,000, which is three to five times that of other cities of its size, according to the *World Almanac*." Kansas City, Missouri, for instance, with some 80,000 more inhabitants, has a budget of only \$6,450,000; Pittsburgh, with twice Jersey City's population, spends \$5,000,000 less. Last March, an important Wall Street house, in a confidential memorandum for its clients, apprised them that Jersey City's "present tax burden on property owners is the heaviest in the United States." The tax rate, it showed, rose from \$44.24 on \$1000 of property in 1937 to

\$47.54 in 1938. Most other Jersey municipalities are no less frank, if less successful, in their grabbing.

Jersey historians tell you that, to account for Hagueism, Johnsonism, McFeelyism, and the rest, you must begin with Alexander Hamilton. For the first Secretary of the Treasury, though a New Yorker, is Jersey's Number One Hero. His name is on the façades of tottering banks and bankrupt hotels all over the state. His statues fill the parks. His go-getting philosophy, glossed with brave democratic verbiage, is dinned in the ears of every Jersey school child. Hamilton, as Lincoln Steffens pointed out in his *Autobiography*,

first saw the uses of a state like New Jersey, a state in between other states like New York and Pennsylvania. He began there to do things one could not quite do in New York; he went to New Jersey for the charters and grabs impossible in New York. For a century after Hamilton railroad companies and financiers of Philadelphia and New York had followed their great leader into Jersey to get leave to break the laws of other states and they came to rule that state absolutely.

The most significant of the Hamiltonian Jersey projects was the Society for Useful Manufactures, the first full-blown American-made monopoly, still operating in attenuated form beneath the falls of the Passaic River at Paterson. It is

significant because its underlying philosophy has inspired the state throughout the years. Hamilton and his wealthy friends obtained a charter from the Jersey legislature handing over monopolistic privileges in a large stretch of virgin territory around the Passaic Falls. Hamilton's high-pressure prospectuses for the monopoly did not fail to suggest that, whereas skilled labor could be smuggled in from England's cotton factories, unskilled labor could be drawn from our native "women and children of tender years."

The project failed. No sooner had a few factory buildings been put up, than the speculators' panic of 1792 sent one of the chief promoters of the Society to jail. Other directors went into hiding. Despite Hamilton's heroic efforts to rescue his friends' investment by pouring Federal funds into the enterprise, the Society at the end of five harried years had only one asset left: its non-repealable charter for the exclusive use of the Falls waters. Today the Society survives by selling water power and renting real estate.

The formula established in that early day is still followed by descendants of the first speculators; in Paterson and a hundred other Jersey towns you see it at work.

Get yourself a project with high potential profits, induce the government to subsidize but never to regulate, put it all at the mercies of speculators and absentee owners, pay lower wages than competitors in other states, and some day you may be living on Rumson Road at Red Bank.

IV

The formula was perfected in the eighties and nineties under the expert guidance of James B. Dill, father of the holding company. Devotees of financial mysticism, fleeing regulation in other states, found a haven in New Jersey. "Made in Jersey" was the holding company hallmark from the outset. Familiar features of the formula were applied again in the formation of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, now monopolizing transportation, gas, and electricity in Jersey's important counties. This corporation grabbed off key franchises with the cheerful help of the legislature, and today the grip of the Public Service is so firm that it can charge electric light rates which are among the highest in the country; it can kill effective regulation, and keep a half-starved state press acquiescent by feeding it advertising.

Where is the opposition to this crude domination of political and finance bosses? What of the Respectables? Being well outside the workings of the political machines, generally immune from political reprisals, they might be expected to complain. But their protest is too feeble to be heard. They are too absorbed in their personal application of the Hamiltonian success formula to bother with public affairs.

In Northern Jersey, where votes could count, the citizens' interests are with their work in New York, not in New Jersey where they live. When New Jersey liberals look to the New Dealers in Washington for comfort, their confusion is worse. They remember the full-dress parade of Cabinet officers put on for the benefit of Hague's last puppet candidate for governor. They sigh over pictures of Jim Farley playing golf with Hague at Miami. They read that Hague's civil liberties defeat, which took the United States Supreme Court to administer, was "hailed" by the President, but figure that it must have been a muted and off-record hail, since Mr. Roosevelt has never yet uttered one word of direct criticism of the Jersey City Mayor. Hague is still Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National

Committee, and last June Attorney General Frank Murphy received an honorary degree from the John Marshall law college in Jersey City, an institution as plainly Hague's as his toothbrush.

When oversensitive New Dealers sometimes sound off against Hague, Farley reminds them that Jersey has sixteen Electoral College votes and that on the very heels of the Supreme Court decision the Hague machine rolled up a thundering vote for his pet pari-mutuel scheme.

As things stand, men may now speak and assemble in Jersey City where local hoodlums are as generous in the matter as the highest United States court, and circulars may be distributed in the little towns where runaway shops hide out. But Hagueism in all its ripe corruptness still strides the "Gangway State." It is as indigenous to New Jersey as the state's heady applejack — and as insidious. Federal investigations, as we have already indicated, have been plowing up a lot of dirt in the bailiwicks of Hague, Johnson, the McFeelys, and others. There are strong indications that they may lead to indictments. But to clear up the Augean stables of Jersey life will be a Herculean task for long, long years to come.

FOOTBALL'S PALACE REVOLUTION

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

ALTHOUGH the millions who trek to gridiron temples each Saturday cannot be expected to believe it, there was a time when intercollegiate football was not an endowed religion. To achieve its present estate, the game has weathered dastardly attacks by those who could not appreciate its character-building virtues, and have sought to replace it with a pansified, un-American substitute. Incredible as it may seem, there was one black autumn when there was doubt whether the game would survive or perish, and football came within an ace of being thrown for a permanent loss.

This was the season of 1905 — a season of name-calling, riots, blood, and shattered clavicles. It was also a year of "incidents," cabals, diplomatic intrigue, and White House conferences. For at the heat of the crisis, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, put aside other weighty matters and galloped impetuously to the rescue.

The fight was no push-over, for President Eliot of Harvard was set

on killing the game. In those days, the Big Three loomed mighty on the field, and many college heads looked to Eliot for leadership. Lined up with Dr. Eliot were a majority of the Harvard Corporation, the college governing body; most of the faculty, and an influential group of alumni whose chests sprouted more Phi Beta Kappa keys than hair. Their objections, as set forth in Dr. Eliot's report, were that too many players were being killed and maimed; there was too much slugging; the rules were not being enforced, and with the pile-ups inevitable in the mass-plays of the day, it was hard to see how they could be.

Casualty figures for the period bear out the protests. In the big college games alone, forty-five players were killed and several hundred wounded in the first five years of the century, and this includes only broken bones or better. Players died of brain concussion, rough tackles fatally deranged their innards, backs were broken, noses flattened, and teeth knocked

out. Doctors, undertakers, and florists reaped a harvest, for hardly a game was played that someone wasn't carried off on a shutter.

The 1905 season opened true to form. A Harvard freshman cracked his skull, a boy in a Pennsylvania college died from a kick in the head, a free-for-all fist-fight between Columbia and Wesleyan was ended by the police. Columbia's star tackle was dropped from college, his vision damaged so that he could no longer study. Newspapers ran horrified editorials, and pointed out the virtues of soccer, a less gory game. College heads gave interviews, and waited for Eliot's death sentence, which was expected at any moment.

Impressed by the gravity of the situation, Theodore Roosevelt had no doubt where his duty lay. Football must be saved from the mollycoddles. T. R. did not play football at Harvard; he had skipped rope to build up his broomstick pins. But later he rode with cowboys, led the Rough Riders, boxed with Battling Nelson, and laid the foundation of the great strenuousness saga. Football, as played by others, became a passion with him. His admonition to "hit the line hard" was to appear in bronze in a thousand locker rooms. He saw special virtue in football men, more than

once favoring them in government appointments. And he beamed with pride that fall when T. R., Jr., a freshman at Harvard, reported to the coach.

T. R.'s first move was to call the head coaches of the Big Three — Harvard's William T. Reid, Jr., Yale's Walter Camp, and Princeton's J. B. Fine — to a White House conference. He asked them for a pledge that they would do their utmost to keep their exuberant charges under control, and thereby set an example to the country's three hundred other football-playing colleges. So a pact was drawn up in which they promised to do their best. They signed, and went back to their respective arenas.

It was all very well for the President of the United States, fresh from an international diplomatic triumph, to include college football in his territory, but Dr. Eliot was king in his own bailiwick, and knew it. There is a story that, when T. R. had returned for his twenty-fifth reunion the previous June, he and Dr. Eliot were present at the same dinner.

"The President is looking well tonight," remarked an uninitiated guest, nodding in the direction of Roosevelt.

"The President," said a surprised

faculty wife, looking toward Dr. Eliot, "is sitting at the head of the table!"

The truth is that Dr. Eliot had about as much use for T. R. as he had for football, and rather enjoyed pulling his leg. In occasional letters to his former student, he referred to "your colleague, the Sultan" and "your communicative cousin, the Emperor William." He disapproved of T. R.'s Panama coup, and when Roosevelt was his house guest that June, Dr. Eliot couldn't see why he had to pack a gun on his hip to keep a breakfast date with Bishop Lawrence. "Very lawless; a very lawless man!" he said later. Such a man could hold football conferences in the White House or anywhere, but they cut no ice with Eliot.

II

So the season got under way, and suspense was thick as the cumbersome Harvard gridiron machine chewed up its quota of small-college elevens. Late on the night of November 1, the blow fell. Herbert H. White, former graduate manager, aroused Reid by telephone and broke the news that the college corporation had secretly voted to abolish The Game. But all was not lost; the corporation

had decided to withhold temporarily the publication of its momentous decision. White and Reid called a council of war with their adherents and decided to spike the opposition by attacking the game themselves, suggesting in an open letter that a committee be formed to overhaul the rules. Over this document they labored until early morning. Like Eliot, they condemned football's brutality and roughness, and they deftly turned his criticism into a constructive proposal. Their ruse was successful. It brought down upon their heads the wrath of the die-hards, who stormed at them for even admitting that anything could be the matter with the Game of Games. This was just what they wanted, for it pushed them toward the Eliot camp. It apparently convinced the Abolitionists that football was due for a purge from within, for the corporation still withheld its death sentence.

T. R., who had been following things closely from Washington, was highly pleased with this turn of affairs, and since the Big Three coaches who had taken his pledge seemed able to restrain their troglodytes from slaughter, he prided himself upon the success of his White House conference. Then came Harvard's game with Penn-

sylvania, and something happened which horrified the polite football world, sent cold chills down the spines of the Crimson coaching staff, and shook the White House to its foundations. For in the second half of that historic encounter occurred what Harvard's venerable football Junkers still gravely refer to as the "Parker incident." There was bad blood between the teams. The 1904 game had been a rough one, and it didn't help matters when, a few days before the game, the Cambridge athletic authorities publicly intimated that some Penn men were ringers. So the "incident" took place — a Harvard man hauled off and pasted a Penn man who had kicked him in the crotch. Parker's haymaker was easy to see; his provocation was not. So the referee put Parker out of the game, and the Penn cohorts, who considered Harvard's attitude a trifle on the superior side, gloated.

The President of the United States writhed in dismay and sent for the Harvard coach. Reid dined with the Roosevelts. Throughout dinner T. R. was the jovial host. The newly arrived German Ambassador, Baron Speck von Sternburg, was also there. A little matter of a German-American trade treaty was under discussion, and T. R., who was in constant touch

with the Kaiser, was talking alternately with von Sternburg and the French Ambassador to pave the way for the Algeciras conference which took place the next spring. "Von Sternburg," said T. R. as they rose from the table, "you go out on the porch and amuse yourself with some magazines. I want to talk with Reid for a few minutes." And he led the way to the library.

"Now, Reid," he said, confronting him, "what's all this about a Harvard man slugging? It puts me in a very awkward position, after our agreement, to have a Harvard man the first one to violate it. What happened, anyway?"

Reid told him precisely what happened. "What would you have done, Mr. President," he said, "if you had been placed in a similar position?"

"It wouldn't be policy for me to state," T. R. ground out between his teeth, and went back to the European situation.

III

The season went on and many a young hopeful, caught beneath the juggernaut of the old mass plays, dyed the sod with his gore. Everyone from President Roosevelt to the merest sub longed for the end of the ordeal. But Harvard's season

was not to end without a second mishap, which has gone down in history under the name of "the Burr-Quill incident."

This happened in the Harvard stadium before a crowd of 45,000, which the newspapers rapturously hailed as the greatest assemblage that ever watched a game. For the first half, all went well, and the coaches began to breathe easily. Burr, the Crimson's 210-pound punting virtuoso, was holding the superior Bulldog force at bay. Then along in the second half, Yale punted and Burr signaled for a fair catch. He was well down in Yale territory, and planned to make a place-kick for a goal. Despite his signal, Captain Shevlin of Yale hurled himself through the air, making a low tackle which threw Burr forward. A split-second later, Yale's Quill hit Burr high up, and snapped him over backward. Burr went out like a light, blood spurt- ing from his broken nose. It looked like plain murder, and there was a howl from the Harvard stands that could be heard all the way to the State House.

In the middle of the uproar, Major Higginson, member of Harvard's anti-football corporation, sent a courier to Coach Reid, ordering him to take the team from the field. Reid called his staff for a

hasty council of war. To obey would mean a rupture of relations with Yale. Dr. Eliot would probably go through with his plan to abolish the game at Harvard, and other college presidents would follow suit. Fully expecting to be shot at sunrise, Reid disregarded the order, and the game went on.

T. R. had bought eight tickets to the game, but hadn't been able to attend, and so was spared the humiliating spectacle. But when word came of the fresh "incident," he acted. He asked Paul Dashiell, umpire at the game, for an explanation. Dashiell wrote him a reassuring letter. Quill had only pushed Burr in the face with his open hands, he said. Then Roosevelt wrote to Dr. Eliot, defending football, enclosing the umpire's letter and suggesting that Eliot come to Washington to discuss the matter. Dr. Eliot frostily replied to the effect that whatever the nature of the blow, it broke Burr's nose. He saw no chance of coming to Washington; he was too busy. He pointed out that the players themselves were beginning to complain that the game was a dirty one and there was no fun in playing it, and that "the surgeons connected with the game, who have heretofore been content to drug the players and patch them up" were ad-

mitting that the game's collisions had become "impossible for the human frame." He said that he claimed "no superiority for Harvard . . . in regard to cheating, brutality or quarrelsomeness, either among the players or among the alumni" — a phrase which bore the earmarks of a dirty crack.

So Harvard's football moguls were told to make no schedule for the coming year. Meanwhile, President Nicholas Murray Butler announced the abolition of football at Columbia, "to prevent gentlemen engaged in it from assassinating each other," as a member of the faculty put it. Union College and New York University, mourning the death of a player in their annual clash, also considered banning the game. It began to look

as though American youth would be forced to play soccer.

But diplomacy saved the day. Chancellor McCracken of New York University called a football conference of twenty-eight Eastern colleges, and hope appeared on the horizon. The Harvard committee, which Reid and his aides had proposed in their extremity, delivered an ultimatum that nineteen changes must be made in the rules or Harvard wouldn't play any more. Reid went to the new rules committee with his nineteen points. By means of shrewd lobbying, he managed to push through his program and a new, more open, game with a lower death rate was launched. Football was saved for posterity, President Eliot was placated, and T. R. was "dee-lighted."



FEAST AND FAMINE

BY CHARLES G. CRELLIN

WOMEN feed voracious guns
Flesh of lovers, husbands, sons.
Women, from the dreadful feast,
Glean for famished love the least.

Women's hearts and women's wombs
Draw no sustenance from tombs.
Passion starves on bleaching bones,
Memories, and graveyard stones.

LUNACY: RIGHT AND LEFT

The war of the Soviet Union against fascism will be the most just and most legitimate of all wars that humanity has ever known. It will be for the defense of the international proletariat and the culture of the whole of progressive humanity against fascist barbarism.

— *Pravda*, August 14, eight days before the signing of Nazi-Soviet trade pact.

The conclusion of a treaty with Russia embodies the declaration of the next war. Its outcome would be the end of Germany . . . the struggle against the bolshevization of the world requires a clear attitude towards Soviet Russia. You cannot drive out the Devil with Beelzebub.

— Hitler in *Mein Kampf* (pp. 959-60 Reynal & Hitchcock edition).

While we may have been critical in the past of certain actions of the German Government, today we feel that it would be criminal to remain apart from the German people. . . . Only idle chatterers who are utterly devoid of a sense of political reality would want us to take Chamberlain's nonsense about democracy seriously.

— *Izvestia*, October 2.

No matter what we may have thought about Russia in the past it cannot be denied that her attitude toward the Third Reich at present shows that she has, at last, seen the wisdom of the Führer's policies in international politics.

— Berlin *Boersen Zeitung*, September 17.

War-mongers, open-shoppers, and other enemies of the working class, operating through the Dies Committee, have brought pressure on the Department of Justice to have me indicted. I am not being prosecuted, I am being persecuted.

— Earl Browder, after his indictment for alleged passport irregularities.

The enemies of the real America are behind my persecution. Everyone who knows me, knows I am innocent of this crazy charge. I have dared to tell the truth and I am being hounded for it.

— Fritz Kuhn, head of the German-American Bund, after indictment for alleged misappropriation of funds.

Sam Darcy wrote a simple, convincing story of the Russo-German non-aggression pact in Monday's paper. A person I know, *who is as reactionary as they come*, read his article at my request. He later told me that he was convinced that Russia had taken a correct position and had done the right thing.

— Letter to *Daily Worker*, Sept. 23.

The enemies of the German-American Bund are trying to stir up hatred against us because of the pact. But we all know that the day Hitler and Stalin shook hands was the greatest one for European civilization.

— A. Heller, outdoor speaker for the German-American Bund, New York, October 21.

One may respect or hate Hitlerism, just as any other system of political views. *This is a matter of taste.* But to undertake war for "annihilation of Hitlerism" means to commit criminal folly in politics.

— Moscow *Izvestia*, October 9.

We are not concerned with the internal policies of our great neighbor in the east. We leave that sort of thing to pettyfogging political theorists. In the meantime we are marching side by side and the reaction of London and Paris to the German-Soviet understanding is sufficient proof for us that the treaty has terrified the hypocritical democracies.

— Berlin *Voelkischer Beobachter*, October 6.



The war party is hiding, for a time, behind the so-called neutrality legislation. It "only" fights for lifting the embargo. But if we examine the array of forces behind repeal you will not have difficulty in recognizing the face of Wall Street. . . . The war party is represented in the Jewish field more vigorously than in the country as a whole.

— M. J. Olgin in the Morning *Freiheit*, communist organ, October 17.



When the German trade mission arrived at the Moscow airport Sunday, a small plane performed evolutions over the airfield. So closely had its mission been guarded that the Germans believed it was a private Messerschmidt plane of the assistant air attache. Today the secret is out. The plane was a specially constructed four-seater Fieseler Stork, flown from Berlin to Moscow as a gift from Field Marshal Hermann Goering to War Commissar Klementy Voroshiloff. . . . So far the Russian press and radio have not mentioned the Nazi leader's present.

— New York *Times*, October 11.

Don't be fooled by Jews who go around saying that they want to keep America out of war. Anyone with eyes to see and a brain to understand knows perfectly well that the Jews are the most energetic warmongers in the country.

— New York *Weckruf und Beobachter*, August 31.

Our Field Marshal Hermann Goering and War Commissar Voroshiloff have much in common. Both soldiers have risen to their present high positions in the face of bitter opposition from generals of the old school. Both are ardent sportsmen and air enthusiasts and now that Russia has discovered the duplicity of the democracies the military leaders of Germany and Russia have more in common than ever.

— Munich *Neueste Nachrichten*, September 18.

(Compiled by Charles Yale Harrison)

POLAND WITHOUT A HALO

BY MAX NOMAD

POLAND's fate has elements of tragic irony. It took the brutality of Hitler and the hypocrisy of Stalin to give the glamour of heroism and martyrdom to a regime hated by the majority of its own people. History will record that the first victim of the totalitarian war now underway was itself essentially totalitarian, with many of the faults and none of the alleged virtues of such a regime.

One hundred and forty-five years ago the ancient kingdom of Poland was partitioned between Russia, Prussia, and Austria. This division was generally considered as final as the American acquisition of Texas. Those who thought otherwise were not taken seriously. Poles and their radical and romantic friends in other countries who refused to accept the accomplished fact were classified as the lunatic fringe of international politics.

The lunacy of the World War, however, made the dreams of the Polish patriots reality. Twenty years ago Poland was resurrected by the will of the victorious West-

ern powers. It became a near-great power with over 30,000,000 subjects. To be more exact, it became the largest vassal in France's chain of dependent allies in Central, Southeastern, and Eastern Europe. That position was not entirely to the liking of the new masters of Poland; France took the vassalage of the new state so much for granted that it did not even consult Warsaw on matters of general European policy. When Paris concluded a mutual security pact with England, Germany, and Italy, she did not consider it necessary to draw Poland into the deliberations, and Polish statesmen were deeply hurt. They itched for a chance to show they could conduct a foreign policy all their own.

Hitler's advent provided that opportunity. The ten-year non-aggression pact of January 26, 1934 between Poland and Germany was a rude shock to France. Polish diplomats, of course, never tired of assuring the world that their country's eagerness to be on good terms with Germany did not in any

way affect their alliance with France. They pretended to believe that alliances are concluded for purposes of friendly speechmaking and friendly borrowing in time of peace, rather than active military assistance in time of war.

At the time, this non-aggression pact was generally regarded as a screen for a secret military pact with the Nazis. Even before the World War militant Polish patriots dreamed beyond the independence of the Polish people. They recalled the dim but glorious past when their country was one of the largest empires of Europe, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea and taking in Lithuania, part of what is now Latvia, the Ukraine, and northwestern or White Russia. Poland's abortive war against Soviet Russia in 1920, indeed, aimed at "recovering" those sections of the ancient Polish kingdom. Had it been victorious, that expedition would have added another thirty or forty millions to the new state, which would have comprised, in addition to the 20,000,000 Poles, more than twice as many Ukrainians, White Russians, Germans, Lithuanians, and Latvians.

Fifteen years later the Polish romantics revived this vision of empire — this time with the help of Nazified Germany. In 1936 the

prominent Polish publicist, W. Studnicki, published a curious book entitled *The Political Situation of Poland and Europe*. It expressed openly what was brewing in Polish minds, bluntly advocating a German-Polish hegemony over the European continent which involved the dismemberment of Russia and Czechoslovakia, as well as sundry other revisions in Central and Eastern Europe. Officially such imperialist day-dreams were ignored or repudiated; nevertheless, Poland consistently evaded any hard-and-fast undertaking that would guarantee the *status quo* of East European frontiers.

The fifth anniversary of the pact with Germany was celebrated early in 1939, with a great show of Polish warmth for its neighbor. What better token of the friendship, what better omen for the imperialist day-dreamers of Poland than the fact that Hitler had generously permitted Poland to help itself to the rich Czechoslovak industrial district of Teschen? It was a "present" of the sort Stalin a year later was to make to Lithuania by "returning" Vilna, knowing full well that both the donation and the recipient would soon be absorbed in a higher unity.

The rulers of Poland were not naïve enough to put all their trust

in the good faith of their German partner in the glorious conquests-to-come. They were nervously aware that Poland might be gobbled up in the process by its German associate and its intended Russian prey. Against this contingency they strove for a West-European bloc with France, England, Germany, and Italy. Munich and the toothsome morsel of Czechoslovak loot seemed to the Warsaw statesmen to bring that bloc within reach. This was not, perhaps, a very firm foundation for safety from possible German aggression. But Warsaw statesmanship had another foundation — and it provides a clue to the character of their leadership and strategic wisdom. “Our protection is mud and bad roads, for the motorized German army won’t be able to pass over them.” These prophetically ironic words were written more than three years ago by the noted author, Antoni Slonimski, an ardent and romantic Polish patriot.

II

Those fantastic hopes for European hegemony stood out in grotesque contrast to the actual political, economic, and cultural situation of the country. Unlike most other regimes in Europe, the Polish gov-

ernment had no mass basis to lean upon. Poland was established not as a result of a national uprising, but because of the World War defeat of Russia and Germany. The only organized Polish force at that historical moment was a comparatively small group of noble adventurers — patriotic intellectuals, political refugees from Russian Poland, and *déclassés* from all sections of the population, who had formed a special Polish Legion to help the Austrian armies on the Russian front. They were united by their common admiration for Joseph Pilsudski, one of those no-longer-enigmatic heroes who begin careers by risking their lives for democracy and wind up taking other people’s lives and liberties in the name of personal dictatorship and imperialist aggrandizement. The other bond — perhaps unconscious at the time — that united these groups, was the firm determination to keep strictly for themselves all the advantages devolving upon a revolutionary elite which takes possession of a country.

Their experience, however, fell below their ambitions. As soon as the Legionnaires attempted to rule by democratic methods, they were hopelessly outvoted by a combination of various parties. They might have secured for themselves broad

popular support by breaking up the big landed estates of the old nobility and distributing them among the peasants, but they were anxious to eradicate the stigma of their radical past and to prove their respectability to the Western world. Power slipped from their hands; but they recovered it in 1926 through a military uprising organized by Marshal Pilsudski. From that time until Poland's recent dismemberment, the country's regime remained a semi-fascist military dictatorship. Political parties were allowed to exist; the press was censored but not co-ordinated; and for nearly ten years parliament could carry on with a majority usually opposed to the Cabinet, but in the end always voting the budget. As a final resort, when other types of persuasion seemed to fail, Pilsudski would station large numbers of army officers in the galleries of the legislative body. This hint was instantly understood by both progressive and conservative representatives.

After Pilsudski's death, in 1935, all authority passed into the hands of the dictator's entourage — a group of ex-officers turned politicians, usually referred to as "the Colonels." Totalitarians at heart and contemptuous of the will of the majority, theirs was a peculiar

fascism — as a German *émigré* paper once put it, "a fascism without even a spurious splendor and without consistency; a fascism without a centralized political party machine, without an ideology, and today without a Leader as well." It was also a fascism without genuine military preparation for the defense of the country, for all its plans turned around the conquest of non-Polish territories in the East, rather than around the protection of genuinely Polish lands in the West.

Deprived of Pilsudski's moral support — he was, after all, an imposing and respected personality, the Colonels hoped to enhance their authority by a bold step toward full fascism, as represented by a new "constitution" worked out shortly before Pilsudski's death. This document contained a method of selecting candidates which made a mockery of the very idea of elections. As a result, three-quarters of all the voters, from extreme Left to extreme Right, boycotted the polls. The Colonels now obtained a safe legislative body whose decisions were practically unanimous.

This unanimity deceived only the outside world. The Polish masses saw in the regime the arbitrary rule of an unprincipled horde of office-holders who had only one

claim to their privileged position: that during the War and shortly thereafter they had hitched their wagon to the star of Pilsudski, or that they were in some way related to those founding fathers.

Many of these patriots had once professed humanitarian ideas of the rights of national minorities. Once in possession of power, however, they proceeded to treat the Ukrainians, White Russians, and Germans as pariahs, even though taken together these constituted one third of the nation. Before coming into power they had been opposed to anti-semitism, having had in their ranks many Polish patriots of Jewish descent; now they were afraid to protect them against the excesses of the Polish fascists who were hounding Jews out of the higher schools and out of all occupations. To take the wind out of the sails of these Polish Nazis, the Colonels openly catered to the prejudices of large sections of the population — except that they advocated the *evacuation* of the Jews, as against the *extermination* openly propounded by the uninhibited Polish fascists. They had once professed to be defenders of the underdog, of the workers, and of the peasants; now they did nothing to alleviate their misery. The national budget went mostly for the main-

tenance of the army and of an enormous crowd of office-holders.

The speeches of the ruling Colonels always overflowed with patriotism and invariably stressed the needs of national defense. But their commanding staff consisted mostly of amateur strategists who had no regular training in military science. They had all been merely Pilsudski's lieutenants in what was at bottom no more than a large detachment of guerrilla warriors. Higher officers who had acquired their training in the old Russian, German, and Austrian armies were deliberately kept out of all commanding positions. They did not belong to Pilsudski's original troop of noble adventurers and might therefore have endangered the unrestricted rule of the Colonels. Marshal Smigly-Rydz himself was an amateur rather than a professional, having been a painter before he joined Pilsudski's heroic Legion.

III

The Colonels claimed to have rescued their country from the oppressive rule of the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian bureaucrats. But the new Polish administrative machine, organized under the tutelage of Pilsudski's followers, com-

bined the arrogance of the Prussian, the venality of the Russian, and the inefficiency of the Austrian office-holders. Small wonder that under such rule the economic situation of the masses, and particularly of the rural population, gradually became appalling.

According to newspaper reports printed in Warsaw, and not suppressed by censorship, the peasants in the Eastern provinces "used neither salt nor kerosene, not to speak of sugar. Wooden bolts were substituted for iron nails. When the steel ax was worn out they had to split things with a stone ax fashioned in the stone age manner." Necessity being the mother of invention, these peasants even devised an ingenious machine that made it possible to split a match into four usable parts. During the last years of the Colonels' regime Poland, to quote the aforementioned Slonimski,

became one of the poorest countries of the world. If one were to count in Poland the people who are not merely keeping alive but living on a normal level, it would turn out that the whole state has shrunk to the dimensions of one middle-sized European city. There are in Poland hardly more than a few hundred thousand people who use railways, read newspapers and books and go to theatre. Poland [with a population of over 30,000,000] consumes less sugar, fats, tobacco, fruits than Denmark with only 3,000,000

inhabitants. The "great power" has shrunk to a small military bureaucratic island surrounded by a great sea of misery and hopelessness. . . .

For all that, however, only malice towards the defeated could present the Colonels as solely responsible for Poland's final eclipse. Czechoslovakia had no self-perpetuating oligarchy of political Colonels, no general staff of amateurish Generals, no parasitic landed nobility that kept the majority of its rural population in dire poverty. It did not persecute its racial minorities, though it did not quite live up to the high ideal of equal treatment. It was free from the scourge of anti-semitism, and neither fascism nor religious bigotry played any part in the country's political life. It had strong natural defenses, of which Poland was altogether devoid, was highly industrialized, and its citizens were very prosperous and educated in comparison with the bulk of the Polish masses. True, it had only half of Poland's population, but its army had the most modern equipment, while Poland relied largely upon a cavalry force which was just good enough to frighten rebellious peasants. Yet Czechoslovakia suffered the same fate as Poland.

Poland's doom was sealed as

soon as Germany and Russia decided to repeat the performance of a century and a half ago. It was sealed when Hitler, aided by Stalin, became the master of Germany and launched upon the execution of his program of expansion. It was foreshadowed earlier, in 1933, when France rejected Pilsudski's demand for a preventive war against Nazi Germany, and England, to maintain the balance of power, began to play the game of bolstering up Germany against both France and Russia.

The ineptitude of the semi-fascist Polish Colonels only hastened the process. However great the blood-guilt of the Nazi and communist invaders of a well-nigh defenseless country, the readiness with which only a few months ear-

lier the Colonels had jumped at the throat of dying Czechoslovakia for a jackal's share of Germany's loot, makes it rather hard to bewail their fate. The world's sympathy instead goes out to the forgotten masses of that unhappy land to which the present invasion is but another new link in the long chain of predatory incursions by conquering hordes eager to enslave its population. To the bulk of the inhabitants it is enslavement pure and simple — whether they are forced to work in factories and on roads for the fulfilment of Hitler's dreams of power; or whether they are "liberated" by Stalin, who soon enough will show them who has become the real master of the land taken away from the Polish noblemen.



CAUSE AND EFFECT

Moscow — What *Pravda* and *Izvestia* fail to publish and what the Moscow radio does not broadcast remains always a sealed book for the Soviet Union's 170,000,000, with the consequence that the Soviet people today are completely befogged concerning the objects and nature of the struggle.

— *New York Times*, Oct. 5.

Maria Husarova, blonde Soviet textile engineer, told an audience at the Soviet pavilion at the New York World's Fair last night that the Soviet-German non-aggression and amity pacts have the full and enthusiastic support of the entire Soviet people.

— *Daily Worker*, October 6.

GAME OF CARDS

A Story

BY ROBERT CLURMAN

PAUL walked along quickly, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his jacket and his hat pulled down low over his forehead. The air was cold and wet and the mist clung to his face. He stopped for a moment in front of a large window and tried to see over the lavender silk curtain. The reflection of his face peered back at him from the dark glass, blurred and shadowy. *Nick's*, the white enamel letters said, and underneath in faded gold, *Ladies Invited*. He walked on a short way then paused again and looked back at the window. Behind the silk curtain he could see thick warm light. He turned back and pushed open the door next to the window. A fat bartender was wiping beer off the bar with a dirty rag. There was only one customer, a tired little man staring down into his half empty beer glass.

"How much is a glass of beer?"

"You want a glass of beer?"

"How much is it?"

"Ten cents."

"No nickel beer?"

"Where you from?"

"I said, 'Have you got any nickel beer?'"

"Where you from? In New York beer is ten cents." The bartender went over to the sink, rinsed out the rag, and came back to the counter. "You can get doughnuts and coffee down at the corner for a nickel," he said.

"So what?"

"So nothin'. I'm just tryin' to tell you, beer costs a dime."

"So what? Gimme a beer."

The bartender eyed him like he was full of warts. "You got a dime?"

"Have I got a dime? Listen to him, 'Have I got a dime' he says. Who the hell do you think you're talking to?"

The bartender filled a glass and flicked off the foam with a little black stick. Paul laid a dime down next to the glass, picked up the beer and took a long gulp. He let the beer lie in his mouth for a moment before it slid down his

throat. It was good. He sipped it slowly, pushing his upper lip into the foam, feeling it stick there like a little mustache. Ten cents — beer. They balanced. You had a dime and it bought a beer. A shiny, silver slice of metal and in exchange there was a brown liquid with foam and inside you a warm feeling.

He finished the beer and stood looking at the shredded foam clinging to the bottom of the glass. The tired little man went over to the slot machine and began putting nickels in it. Paul walked over and stood behind him. The glass box was stuffed with nickels and he could picture it suddenly bursting, belching out the money in great heaps. He would pile it all up and dig his fingers into it. He would buy six beers and take the subway uptown — a movie, a girl, dark hair and brown eyes. The man put in his last nickel. Two bars and a lemon plunked into place and the man scowled and walked away. Paul stood there looking at the two bars and the lemon and the glass bulging with nickels.

There was sudden laughter behind him. He turned around and saw a green curtain hanging over a doorway. He walked over to the curtain and pushed it aside. Three men were sitting on boxes around a packing crate in the middle of a

dark room, playing cards. A bulb hanging from the ceiling swung slowly back and forth in the draft from an open window, making the shadows of the men jump up and down on the wall.

"Come and join the party, buddy," one of the men said. Paul walked in.

"Play poker?" The speaker was a tall thin man with a pimply face.

"Haven't got anything to play it with."

"We play for these." The man held up a bottle cap.

"Bottle caps?"

"Sure. Coca Cola are a hundred dollars, soda water are two hundred and fifty, ginger ale five hundred, and beer a thousand. Phonzy here is winning three thousand bucks right now." He pointed to a short Italian fellow.

Paul started to laugh. "You play for bottle caps?"

"What's the matter with that?" Phonzy asked.

"Well nothing, I guess. Only it doesn't get you very far, does it?"

"You got something better to play for?"

"Even if I didn't I wouldn't play for bottle caps. It seems kind of foolish."

"Oh itsa foolish, hah? I ask you, you got somethin' better to play for? Lots of money you got?"

"I'll just watch a little while if it's okay."

"Sure it's okay," the tall man said.

Paul stood behind the third player — an elderly wrinkled little man, and watched Phonzy deal out the cards. The Italian was chewing tobacco and his lips worked slowly up and down as he slid the cards across the top of the crate.

"What do you do?" the tall man asked Paul.

"What do I do?"

"Yeah. You got a job?"

"No. I'm looking for one."

"How long you been looking?"

"Seven, eight months maybe."

"Well, I'll tell you, when you find one come around and tell me, will you? I just want to make sure there are jobs left. Right now I have my doubts."

They began to play the hand. Phonzy put up two soda water caps. "I start with five hundred," he said.

Paul smiled. Phonzy said "five hundred" as if he believed it. The tall man raised it to \$750 and Phonzy put down \$1000. The elderly man called at \$1250. Phonzy laid down three kings and a pair of tens and gathered in the caps, piling them at his elbow with a grunt of satisfaction.

They played the next hand and

Phonzy won again, a ginger ale cap and four Coca Cola caps this time — \$900. Baby, there was a lot you could do with \$900. The nickels behind the slot machine glass were nothing compared to that. But a bottle cap — it wouldn't buy crap. He wanted to leave. It gave him a queer feeling to see the three of them sitting there in the dimly lighted room, so serious and quiet and intent on the cards, playing as if it really mattered.

II

He watched the next hand. The tall man won \$500. They played three more hands for high stakes and Phonzy began to lose some of his money. If the other two guys were smart they could beat Phonzy. You just had to watch his face. When his lips worked fast over the tobacco you knew he had something and that was the time to play it cozy. But when he made out like he was all excited, drumming his fingers on the crate and bending anxiously forward, he was bluffing. You could spot it a mile away. Italians were 95 per cent bluff anyway. You just had to study him. But what the hell . . . study him for what? Bottle caps?

"I guess I'll be leaving," Paul said.

"You sure you don't want to play?"

"No, I can't. I've got to see somebody downtown right away." He walked over to the curtain and pushed it aside. Phonzy laughed suddenly and slammed his palm down on the crate.

"Boy! I guess I clean up on that one, huh?"

Paul turned around. "How much?"

"Two thousand berries. A straight flush." Two thousand dollars. Christ! It would be fun to go up to that bartender and say, Gimme a beer, and when he said, Have you got a dime?, pull out a \$2000 bill and say, Yeah, can you change this? That is, if there were \$2000 bills. Could they get that much dough on one piece of paper? He walked back to the crate. Phonzy was still chuckling.

"Baby! Did you ever win two thousand bucks, just like that?" he asked, with a snap of his fingers.

"I wouldn't know what to do with it if I did," Paul said.

"I know what to do with it, all right. I'd buy a big car, a nice red one, and I'd drive all around the damn city, blowin' the horn like hell." Yes, you would you ignorant bastard. That was no way to spend \$2000. You could find a girl and get a small house out on Long

Island and sit on a sofa at night with the girl in your arms.

"You sure you don't want to play?"

"Where do you get the bottle caps?"

"Over in that box there. We start with five thousand dollars." He went over to the box and scooped up a handful of caps. He picked out ten Coca Cola caps, eight soda water, two ginger ale, and two beer. Phonzy counted them when he sat down.

"Justa makin' sure," he said.

Paul laughed. "That's a lot of money, all right." If he could only wave his handkerchief over it and see it change to a pile of nice, crisp bills. He would roll them up and put a rubber band around them and stick them in his pocket. Then he would just walk around a while knowing they were there and look at bedroom sets in store windows with his hand on the roll of bills. He picked up his cards. Two queens. He took three and got another queen. Phonzy put up a ginger ale cap. His lips were working fast. Paul called him at \$500. Phonzy had a flush. That was the way. Play it smart. No sense in throwing money away. Easy on the weak hands and then when the big ones came, shoot the works.

They played several more hands

without any heavy betting. They played silently, scarcely moving, and there was only the noise of the cards sliding over the top of the crate and the faint jingle of the bottle caps. He was getting poor hands. Just one good hand was all he needed. He'd rake it in with one good hand. He looked at his cards. Two pairs. A seven or a queen and he'd be set. Phonzy slid a card over to him. A queen. He looked across the table. Phonzy was staring back at him, his lips parted but motionless and his eyes shifting from his cards to Paul. Paul started it with \$500. Phonzy raised to \$1000. Paul went to \$1200 and the other two dropped out. Phonzy was chewing nervously on a splinter of wood. It went to \$1500, \$1800, and then \$2000. They laid down their cards. Phonzy had two pairs. Paul picked up the caps and made a little pyramid of them in the corner of the table. . . . On Sundays they would lie in bed late, feeling warm under the covers and watching the yellow sunlight stream in through the window.

The elderly man was cleaned out. "Who'll lend me some dough?" he asked, glancing around eagerly. Nobody said anything. Paul looked at him. The expectant look on his face was pathetic. Paul reached over to his pile and took a soda

water cap off. No, no; he might need it later. The elderly man shrugged his shoulders, got up from the crate, and began to wander aimlessly around the room. "Tomorrow night . . . maybe . . ." he muttered. The tall man dealt the cards and they began playing again. Phonzy played more cautiously now and he met Paul's gaze with a faint smile on his lips as if he knew why he was being watched. Phonzy was wise. Paul got a string of bad hands. The pile of caps grew smaller. He'd be cleaned soon if he didn't watch out. Play it slow and smart. He had to stay in the game and win back that money. He got up and took off his coat and rubbed the damp spots on his shirt under the armpits.

III

Phonzy kept on winning, chuckling slightly and smacking his lips each time he added more caps to the heap next to him. The tall man went broke and dropped out. Two of them out already. Soon he would be in the same boat if he didn't watch out — right back where he started from. Just one good hand, that was all he needed. They played on and he squirmed uneasily on the box as the \$2000 he had won went and after it another

\$1500. He won a few small hands but Phonzy soon took it right back and more with it. He opened his collar and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"What's the matter, kid?" Phonzy asked. "No beefsteak for papa tonight?"

"Don't worry about me. I'll win it back. All you been playing on is a prayer."

Phonzy laughed and slid the cards across to him. He lost again. There was only \$900 left. Nine hundred! And he had had \$6000. His fingers fumbled nervously with the caps as he counted them for the third time. Nine measly hundred! A Coca Cola cap dropped to the floor and he bent down to pick it up. It rolled over to Phonzy's foot and he had to get off the box and down on his hands and knees to get at it. There was a beer cap lying next to it. It must have dropped from Phonzy's pile.

"Hey, Phonzy . . ."

"Yeah?"

"You . . ." he glanced up at the two men. They weren't looking. Nineteen hundred. That would give him something to work with. It would keep him the game. The guy had probably been gypping him anyway.

"What'd you say?"

"Move your foot so I can get my

cap." He picked up both caps and sat down on the box and looked at his cards. Four tens! Now that \$6000 was going to start rolling back. Phonzy put down \$500. He raised it to \$700.

"Ain't you gonna see me?"

"No, I'm raising you."

"You crazy? I put up a thousand and you're finished. You can't make a thousand." Paul slid the beer cap into the center of the crate. Phonzy's mouth opened in a surprised gape.

"Where you get that?"

"I've had it all along. I been saving it for the end."

"You was down to nine hundred."

"I tell you I had it all along. I was just keeping it in reserve."

Phonzy looked at him suspiciously for a moment and then rapidly began to count his caps. He went through them once and then counted them over again.

"You a god-damn liar! That's mine."

"Yours? You're crazy. It's mine I tell you. I had it in reserve."

"Reserve my eye! You stole that from me, you son-of-a-bitch! Hand it over."

"I tell you you're crazy. I had it all along."

Phonzy stood up. His voice was low and biting. "Listen kid, don't

screw around with me. I just counted my dough and I'm a thousand short. Hand it over or maybe I make a little trouble."

Paul jumped up and edged over to the Italian. "What do you mean *trouble*? Are you trying to call me a crook? That thousand bucks is mine and I'm keeping it."

Phonzy backed away a few steps until he stood directly under the bulb. "Oh, you keepin' it huh?" He bent down and picked up a beer bottle from the floor. "Maybe you no think so now. You give me back my thousand bucks or I'll bust your god-damn head for you." There was an ugly scowl on his face as he stepped forward, the bottle raised high. Paul took a sudden dive at him and the Italian fell sprawling. He got to his knees and groped around for the bottle. Paul drove his fist hard into the Italian's face. Phonzy swayed for a second on his knees and then his eyes became all whites and he sank to the floor. Paul stood over him for a moment staring down at the crumpled heap at his feet. He glanced at the other two men. Their eyes were on

Phonzy, their faces expressionless. He grabbed his hat and coat and ran out past the bartender into the street. He ran for two blocks without stopping to put on his coat. There was an alley across the street and he ducked into it and leaned against the wall, breathing hard. The lousy little bum! Maybe he wouldn't get funny next time. Maybe he'd watch out who he was waving beer bottles at. He raised his hand to his mouth and blew on the bruised knuckles.

It had begun to rain. He put on his coat and turned up the collar. Sinking his hands into his pockets, he began to walk rapidly up the alley. There was something sharp in his left pocket. He stopped and pulled it out. The beer cap. He stared at it stupidly for a long moment, turning it over and over between his thumb and forefinger. A laugh came from his lips, low at first then suddenly growing loud and throaty. He flipped the cap into a puddle next to the wall. He watched it disappear in the dirty water, then pulled down the brim of his hat and started walking again.



► *The Socialist Labor Party still promotes picnics, rummage sales, and revolution.*

ANOTHER GRAND OLD PARTY

BY I. D. W. TALMADGE

IN THE venerable Socialist Labor Party, known to initiates as the SLP, the American radical movement has its Grand Old Party. Founded in 1877 — and thus just a few years younger than the GOP — it is the pioneer socialist political organization in the United States. The SLP — which never distinguished itself for speedy action — nominated its first Presidential candidate in 1888, eleven years after its formation, and polled 2068 votes. What diligence and chastity of purpose will accomplish is manifest in the rise of this vote at the last national election, forty-eight years later, to 12,777.

In the family of American left-wing groups the SLP is a maiden aunt. To be sure, she is godmother of the Socialist Party and kith and kin of the communists and a cousin twice removed from the IWW. But to the broad American radical movement the SLP bears about the same relationship that the Salvation Army does to the military forces of our nation.

The high-water mark in SLP

political achievement was registered in 1898, when it polled 82,000 votes in the Congressional elections. That triumph is still being discussed and analyzed in party councils, and the full significance of the event has not yet been agreed upon by party theoreticians. No record is available of the SLP presidential elections of 1900, 1904, and 1908, but thanks to the *World Almanac* we have the results of later national balloting:

1912 — *Reimer, Socialist Labor*: 29,079 (equal to about 12 per cent of the Prohibition Party total; at the same election, the upstart Debs, an SLP apostate, received 897,011 votes).

1916 — *Reimer, SL*: 13,403.

1920 — *The Almanac* is suspiciously silent on the SLP vote.

1924 — *Johns, SL*: 38,958 (beating communist candidate William Z. Foster, also a former Socialist Laborite, by over 5000 votes).

In 1928, with Reynolds as standard-bearer, the SLP received only 21,603 votes, which may have been merely a strategic retreat. The Reynolds vote in 1932 rose to 33,275. But in 1936, Aiken, the new Presidential candidate, polled only 12,777 votes. The SLP pros-

pects for 1940 are not clear. Although predatory capitalist interests do not seem apprehensive, it may not be wise to jump to conclusions. An editorial titled "Behind the Party's Zeal," in a recent issue of the official SLP organ, gives eloquent notice that "On the eve of another Presidential election year, the SLP is preparing to put forth even more determined efforts and everything points to records which will greatly surpass all former records."

For many years the national membership of the SLP has hovered around 3000, with the majority reputedly belonging since charter days. If true, this makes the age of the average member 77. The SLP has no youth auxiliary. A questionable rumor has it that a proposal was once made to organize all members under 50 into a Young Socialist Labor League. The idea was ultimately abandoned, we are told, because of the negligible number of members who could meet the age requirement.

Be that as it may, SLP membership does seem conducive to longevity. Obituaries in the *Weekly People*, official party organ, show hardly a deceased comrade not a septuagenarian, perhaps because party activity is far from a strain. There has been no arrest of an

SLP member in over fifteen years. Strikes, according to the most recent tenets of the SLP are merely a form of "class collaboration."

The SLP is not, as political critics maintain, sectarian. It is exclusive. A report from St. Paul in the *Weekly People* states that because a street corner in that city was used for open-air meetings by another left-wing party, "our members were of the opinion that it had a more or less slummist tinge, but since we have taken it over, there is a noticeable change. A fine, clean element now follows the meetings regularly." In a similar vein runs the description of a picnic held in New Jersey last May:

The largest gathering in many years in this state enjoyed the fine food, the program of entertainment and the company of the finest of characters — characters which can be produced only by a party such as ours . . .

The SLP was founded originally by disciples of Marx and Engels who fled to America from Bismarck's Germany. In 1890, Daniel De Leon enrolled in the party and soon became its outstanding leader and theoretician. Largely through his efforts the party succeeded in attracting native American workers and founding and editing the first English-language socialist newspaper in the United States. The

SLP is the forerunner of all the Marxian political groups and parties in America. In 1899, Morris Hillquit and Victor Berger split off its more moderate wing and formed the Socialist Party. With them went Eugene V. Debs.

Daniel De Leon was undoubtedly one of the foremost thinkers produced by the revolutionary movement in America. His writings were highly regarded by Lenin. He was first to advocate the industrial unionism currently championed by John L. Lewis, and fought unflinchingly against the conservative leadership of the AFL. He died in 1914, three years before the Russian Revolution. His party was the only radical organization in this country to hail this Revolution; even the leaders of the left-wing of the Socialist party (the nascent communists) then regarded Lenin as a Slavic Pancho Villa.

II

In recent years the militancy of the De Leon days has ebbed, though the SLP still retains a holier-than-thou attitude toward all other radical groups. The *Weekly People* reflects the vitality of the organization, being as animated as a farmers' almanac. Illustrations are limited to an engraving of De

Leon which appears regularly on his anniversaries. In make-up and style, it follows the best journalistic traditions of the early nineteenth century. Its language is a cross between homespun phraseology and Father Divine's "Spoken Word." The lead editorial in the December twenty-fourth number, dealing with economic conditions, is headed "More Production — More Boodle."

The leading contributor to its pages is Arnold Petersen, the Earl Browder of the SLP. At times, indeed, he fills most of the paper. In the June third issue, for example, we find "Capitalist Reaction Rampant," by Arnold Petersen, a three-column article, and another sparkling three-column article "The Capitalist Death Dance," by Arnold Petersen — both "to be continued in the next issue." Sometimes the editors become impatient with capitalist manners. When the Republic Steel Corporation recently filed suit against the CIO for \$7,500,000, the front page of the *Weekly People* recorded it thus:

GIRDLER SUIT AGAINST CIO AN ACT OF BRAZEN IMPUDENCE

It is not often that the *Weekly People* treats its faithful to poesy, but when it does the lyrics like the articles cover columns and columns.

Here is a modest excerpt from a recent 92-line poem:

Abandon then this two-faced crew,
If first you would be free.
Learn Labor's lesson — what to do
From the Marxian SLP.

Unite against the enemy,
Capitalism base,
Throw off your chains of slavery
Your misery erase.

By far the most lively feature, however, is the "Field Reports and Headquarters Notes." For some ten years it has religiously filled a page of every issue — filled it solidly, without relief of pictures, captions, or sub-heads. The reports in this department usually run as follows, culled from a 1935 edition:

On Friday, Aug. 2, the last night of Comrade Q—'s two weeks in Connecticut, he spoke from the steps of the Stamford Town Hall. The attendance was kept lower than it otherwise would have been by a threatening rain storm. . . . As it was, there were at one time close to fifty on the Plaza listening to Comrade Q—, including members from South Norwalk and nearly all our Stamford sympathizers. Comrade Q— was again at his best. It seemed to the South Norwalk comrades that he hardly repeated a thing he had said the two previous evenings — except for the program of the SLP. The collection was \$4.36 — surprisingly large for Stamford — and literature sales totaled 60¢.

All the items exude this delightful optimism. Take the following report from Jamestown, New York, last February:

Comrade Perincin's lectures were all splendidly delivered and have been very educational and interesting to both members and outsiders. The fact that the Herlet family in Olean attended four out of five meetings, driving a distance of about fifty-five miles each way, attests, I believe, to the value of these lectures.

The unwritten SLP law is that all official communications, speeches, and articles must end with the slogan **CAPITALISM MUST BE DESTROYED**, invariably set upper case. For instance:

Due to the imminence of capitalism's collapse, and with a realization of what that would entail in the event that the workers are not prepared to perform their historic mission of building the structure of future society, let it be our ardent endeavor so to coordinate and intensify our work that the workers of Massachusetts, as well as the workers of the nation, will be firmly convinced that — **CAPITALISM MUST BE DESTROYED** . . . (*Weekly People*, June 17, 1939.)

In concluding our notes this week, the first in the summer of 1939, we take our cue from our Peoria stalwarts (a pep-term in SLP parlance used to designate virile comrades), and confidently hope that the ensuing summer campaign will widen the Party's influence, and increase its prestige among the workers to the end that — **CAPITALISM MUST BE DESTROYED**. (Ibid. June 24, 1939.)

The last world-wide May Day demonstrations were dismissed disdainfully by the *Weekly People*. According to the headline in its May thirteenth issue, all but two

May Day celebrations were fake, the exceptions being those of the Soviet Union — and the SLP! The latter, we are told by the *Weekly People*, was held in the Gold Room of Manhattan Center and was “filled with workers who took part in one of the most inspiring First of May celebrations held in recent years . . .”

And some 3000 miles away, Section Seattle had a very successful May Day celebration, with a fitting speech by Comrade George E. Egan and recitations. Dancing to a good two-piece orchestra, piano and accordion, helped along by refreshments, rounded out the celebration.

III

The red-letter affair on the SLP calendar is not May Day but the Thanksgiving Day Festival Bazaar. The entire membership is mobilized the greater part of the year in preparation for this event. For weeks the *Weekly People* carries lists of contributions to the Festival Bazaar from members of various locals throughout the country. These gifts are mainly articles made by the members themselves, and cynics profess to find in them symbols of the age and interests of the members. The Bazaar gifts listed in the December twelfth issue of the *Weekly People* include:

1 coverall apron (medium); 1 doll with crochet dress, hat and shoes; 1 pair embroidered pillow slips; 1 knitted pocketbook and 1 Susie Q — full of powder puffs; 1 red silk parlor pillow; 2 pair chicken pot-holders; 3 crocheted pillows, 4 crocheted pot-holders, crocheted collar, 3 tea aprons and 2 bridge luncheon sets; 7 pot-holders and 6 sets of crocheted flowers; 5 local souvenir postal cards from Maine, also 34 pine cones, 1 bundle of pine spills, 1 bundle of red berries, 1 bag of sawdust (which if wet, will keep spills and berries a long time), 1 jar of pepper relish and 1 jar of apple jelly; 1 set of crocheted nut containers.

A painstaking survey reveals that the four most popular contributions are, in the order named: hand-embroidered pillow slips, hand-crocheted doilies, chicken pot-holders, and coffee drip catchers! The Revolution moves forward in comfort.

No data on recruiting ever appears on the pages of the *Weekly People*. This embarrassing issue is consistently omitted in the Field and Headquarters Notes. In September 1935, however, a momentous event rocked the usually placid *Weekly People*. Frank J— of Camden, N. J., a member of the Socialist party since 1910, suddenly perceived the light and transferred his allegiance to the SLP. The issue of the *Weekly People* conveying the sensational tidings carried a 3000-word editorial under the caption, “Twenty-Five Years Wasted!”

In his *Two Pages From Roman History*, De Leon writes: "Not sops but unconditional surrender of capitalism is the battle-cry of the Proletarian Revolution." His followers do not wait calmly for that surrender. Through the columns of the *Weekly People* we can watch them training for *Der Tag*. A report from comrade O— of the Minneapolis Section:

We are just getting into the swing of work. Yesterday the state picnic was held with crowning success. . . . Members and sympathizers enjoyed themselves and were entertained by a kaleidoscopic series of events: marsh-mallow contests, three-legged races and a kitten ball game. Needless to say everyone was active and happy. After the evening meal, Comrade C— read a letter of greeting from the National Secretary which was a pleasant surprise to all. He then made a brief talk, before two young ladies passed the hat.

But the militant activities in Minneapolis are tame alongside doings of the Winona rebels:

Our ever-active Section Winona, Minn., reports on several successful activities . . . On Oct. 4, a chicken dinner at the home of Comrade Frank and Mrs.

W— on their chicken farm in the country. Mashed potatoes, gravy, home-made rolls, diced carrots and peas, home-made real uncolored butter, pickles, beets, jelly and chicken. . . . And this active Section is still at it for, according to the report, Section Winona is planning a fine affair for the Thanksgiving Day Bazaar which we hope will be a gigantic affair and success, for CAPITALISM MUST BE DESTROYED!

The best agitator the SLP ever had was Old Bill, known to all New York radicals. He did more promotional work for the *Weekly People* than Dexter Fellows for the Ringling Brothers Circus. For over twenty years he covered every labor or radical meeting in New York, selling the SLP paper. Old-timers will never forget this ubiquitous, seedy-looking, grey-haired figure. At the close of every meeting, whatever its auspices, Old Bill would be found at the exit, yelling: "After listening to these charlatans, be sure to read the truth in the *Weekly People*!"

For all we know, he may have been right.



VOCAL BOYS MAKE GOOD

By JERRY MASON

AS MANY young college graduates are trying to become radio announcers as are trying to become doctors, and the odds favor the embryo medico's making the grade more often. In New York the two major networks — CBS and NBC — together have only forty-six announcers on their staffs. Yet every year thousands of qualified young men apply and are auditioned. In the years 1930 and 1931, NBC heard 2500 announcer auditions. Ten were hired. These days the percentage is far below that figure; two years may go by without additions to the staff. Even to win a New York audition, you must have an exceptional background. Generally you need a college degree, two years announcing experience, diction free of all sectional accents, and a voice unique without being affected.

This is comparatively easy. Other requirements are a little tougher. It helps if the applicant knows one foreign language fluently, but anyway he must be well enough acquainted with all foreign tongues

to pronounce names, places, and titles with an unaffected *savoir faire*. He must know musical history, composition, and composers; he has to be able to read and interpret poetry and then swing into a good thirty or forty minute ad-lib job. Of course, he has to be a good salesman. By tongue and palate alone he must send several million housewives scampering to the grocery for his sponsor's product.

The powers-that-be have two ways of discovering if a candidate has what they like to hear. NBC uses the personal audition system. CBS decided recently to have the candidate make a record of his voice and send it in. But the ultimate test is about the same. The applicant is stuck in front of a microphone and told to read a screed which goes something like this:

Ladies and gentlemen: I am speaking to you for the purpose of trying to become associated with the announcing staff of ———

I understand there are four major steps in the audition, the first is to test my diction. The second is to determine my

versatility in the reading of varied types of program continuity. The third is to test my selling force over the air. And the fourth is to enable you to judge my powers of extemporaneous speech.

My language requirements may be judged by my announcing a musical program presenting the following composers and their works:

The Fifth Mass, by Brescia Bazzini

I Pagliacci, by Ruggiero Leoncavallo

A Hymn, by Charles Gounod

Lucia di Lammermoor, by Gaetano Donizetti

The Overture to Cola di Rienzo, by Giovanni Sgambati

Selections from *Die Walkure* and *Das Rheingold*, by Richard Wagner, and a piano solo by Veronica Cianchettini.

The testee follows this by reading two pages of commercial continuity selected from any regular program. Then he reads three or four news bulletins and ends with an extemporaneous announcement of a musical number and a five minute ad-lib description of the studio from which he broadcasts. After it's all over, he is marked for voice, foreign pronunciation, extemporaneous speech, diction, sales, and personality.

Even if the applicant gets a grade of 100-plus there's usually no job open. But member stations of the networks sometimes ask for an announcer and New York sends a promising youth out. Job possibilities are limited to the 700 radio stations in the United States, which

hire a total of 2500 to 3000 announcers. But because radio is one industry which has confounded all depression prophets, and twisted the curves of economic cycles upside down, applicants keep trying.

Announcing pays better than most desk jobs. By the time the higher salaries in New York and other major cities are added in, the average weekly wage for the professional talkers comes to \$35 or \$40 a week. Which, as the boys themselves say, is not hay for a young fellow out of college just a few years. The American Federation of Radio Artists has made the announcer's income a lucrative one in the key cities that have been organized. The Manhattan network stations, for example, have to pay their staff a minimum of \$250 a month for a forty-hour, five-day week. The majority of the staff members make more than that, though, because they usually handle at least one sponsored program. For reading commercials their extra pay comes to \$21 for a fifteen-minute program; \$31 for a half hour; \$41 for an hour.

These higher salaries draw the out-of-towners to Manhattan; young men from the West and South form the majority on New York's announcer lists, with native New Yorkers rare exceptions. A south-

ern drawl or a western twang seems to be much more easily overcome than a New York inflection, which radio moguls consider too unpleasant to inflict on the rest of the country. Occasionally, a New Englander will slip into the ranks, but before he does he must forget Boston's "a's" and Maine's "ai-ya's."

Though openings are few, NBC goes to a lot of trouble to unearth new talent and make juniors of them. Any employee who yearns to be an announcer can take the entrance audition. If he passes, he enters one of the two classes of fifteen or so students. He spends a year learning all the things a good announcer should know. At the end of the year, if there is no vacancy, he continues with the school until there is. NBC now has seven junior announcers on its staff of thirty-four. Naturally they don't make as much as the AFRA \$250 monthly minimum.

The networks sell the average staff man to a sponsor much as the Yankees sell a second baseman. If the sponsor wants a dead-pan voice, he gets it. If he wants a personality type, he gets that, too. But the non-staff men — the big shots like David Ross, Andre Baruch, and Dan Seymour — operate exactly like singing stars or comics. They are sold by the network's artist

bureau and work only on commercial programs or special broadcasts. They set their own price and take or leave jobs as they please. They make their own hours and, because they are good, their own jobs. Their income is far more interesting than the staff man's; they earn anywhere from \$200 to \$300 a week up. There are twenty or so of these free-lances now operating in New York and Hollywood — less than 1 per cent of the total number of announcers.

So the kid out in the hinterland who is making his \$20 or \$25 a week announcing locally, and who usually throws in some script-writing and production for the same retainer, keeps his eyes on New York or Chicago or Los Angeles, where the big money is paid for the vocal boy who can sell. He should know by now that his chances are slim. One of the best reasons for this is the age level of the Big City spielers. Most of them hover between 25 and 30.

Yet the applications continue to flow in — thousands who can wrap their tongues around "The seething sea ceaseth and thus the seething sea sufficeth us" are convinced they are potential announcers. But a canny bookmaker wouldn't give them 1000 to 1.

ANGRY EDITOR OF THE SOUTH

BY CRADDOCK GOINS

SHORTLY before the turn of the century a stocky, scowling young Missourian named Frederick Sullens got off the train at Jackson, Mississippi, walked to the plant of the *Daily Clarion-Ledger* and told the publisher his new city editor had arrived. The publisher was Colonel R. H. Henry, a man so pompous that a political foe described him as "the only man I ever saw who could strut sitting down." Col. Henry gave the young man a sharp look, a snort of disapproval, and said he would find a desk on the third floor, and he would have to walk up. Our hero discovered he wasn't just the city editor. He was the reporter, copy reader, local news department, and proof-reader while resting.

A few years later Sullens walked into Col. Henry's office, gave him back his job and a hot piece of his mind, and went out into a career that has made him this generation's highest expression of personal journalism. Other editors look upon world events with detached interest; Maj. Frederick Sullens

makes them bitter personal issues. Other editors criticize a public official's judgment; Maj. Sullens goes all over him with a snaggle-toothed typewriter. He is hard on typewriters, just as he is very hard on people he doesn't like, which includes a very large part of our population, particularly demagogues, Yankees, evolutionists, the medical trust, Republicans, the Long regime in Louisiana, critics of the South, and publicity hounds.

Over the years his pet personal peeves have been H. L. Mencken, Herbert Hoover, Aimee Semple McPherson, Senator Theodore G. Bilbo (Theodough Graftmore Bilbo, he calls him), Rexford Tugwell, Bishop James A. Cannon, Mme. Frances Perkins, Congressman John Rankin of Mississippi, most of the former Governors of Mississippi, the incoming Governor of Mississippi, and about 75 per cent of the people he has supported for public office. The only men with whom he has consistently stayed on good terms through the years are Sen. Pat

Harrison, Gov. Hugh L. White, and the late Sen. John Sharp Williams. His only real love is for his daughter, Anne Sullens Dickson; and for his new wife, a pretty blonde lady with the euphonious name of Bonnie Barbara Barbour, who once served as deputy sheriff in Yalobusha County, Mississippi, had experience with a private detective agency in Memphis, and did a stretch as correspondent for the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*. They were married early in 1939; Mrs. Sullens is thirty-five years the Major's junior.

The man he has consistently hated over the years is Judge Paul B. Johnson, of Hattiesburg, Mississippi's incoming governor, whom he variously calls *judgepaulbull-johnson*, the Hattiesburg Hyena, and other names that make mothers gasp and hide the paper from the chillun. When he gets on Bilbo he starts off by calling him "the puking polecat from Poplarville" and works up to really high feeling. Although not a native Southerner himself, Sullens is the noblest Roman of all when it comes to cherishing Southern traditions, ideals, cooking, corn liquor, Jeff Davis, and womanhood. Any criticism of the South, no matter how slight, brings down the full fury of his unbridled passions.

Fred Sullens looks his part. Men seeing him for the first time have identified him on sight, although his picture rarely appears in print. Today you find him a husky, vigorous man of 62 years and 200 pounds, dark of complexion, with wide-set brown eyes, high forehead, black hair slightly tinged with gray, terribly bored at any conversation except his own, ready to make a speech at any time, equipped with a large store of anecdotes and personal experiences involving an unbelievably large number of national officials, famous authors, prima donnas, and world-renowned artists. He is even a bit handsome, scowl and all. There is something of the Jack London in him, particularly when he throws back his head for a don't-give-a-damn laugh.

II

His typewriter looks something like him — rugged, husky, scowling. You feel it might leap down at any moment and bite you in the leg. Sullens' ordinary conversation carries the same high cry of sarcasm, ridicule, and rebuke found in his editorials. His worst enemy never accused him of hiding his feelings or being scared of anything that walks, talks, or shoots. The only fear he has ever exhibited is a

pathetic anxiety that somebody might fail to understand just how bitterly he hates everybody he hates. He generously shares every personal emotion — gladness, sadness, and madness. When his first wife died, he spread his heartbreak all over his paper, confident that the entire world was stopping to share his grief. Although his life has been threatened more times than he can count, he has never been known to go armed. He usually walks alone, seemingly happy in his dark thoughts.

Sullens used to write up his fights:

So and So (a prominent state official) came to my office today. I beat hell out of him, his son, and his dog. If anybody else is looking for trouble, he'll find a well preserved man in his middle fifties well able to take care of himself.

When a political foe suggested personal violence against him from the stump Sullens wrote:

Many men who strutted for brief periods before the political footlights of Mississippi have threatened to give the editor of the *Daily News* a damned good licking. Most of them are now dead or in political oblivion. Some of them, screwing up their courage with cocaine, heroin, or cheap whiskey, endeavored to make good their threats. Far be it from a peaceful, good-natured (sic!) person who has never deliberately sought a fisticuff (sic! sic!), and never dodged one, to indulge in a semblance of boasting, but the fact remains that our pugilistic enemies didn't fare so well. Some of them still wear the scars of battle.

Yet for forty years his generation has entertained the popular delusion that somebody is going to beat Sullens to a pulp and break his typewriter over his broken head. Often enemies circulate vague reports of a secret beating he has received. "He's off in the hospital now," somebody will whisper. "He'll never jump on So and So again." But invariably the sullen Sullens always sobered up and showed up to pick up the gauntlet of battle. For instance, when told that Judge Johnson had said he was going to do him personal violence, Sullens rushed to his typewriter and told his enemy that

if nothing less than a few buckets of blood from the veins of the editor of Mississippi's Greatest Newspaper will quench your thirst for human gore . . . you are cordially invited to come on and spill it — if you can. . . . Being the party threatened, the editor, under the traditional rules of the code duello, is entitled to choice of weapons. jpbj may arm himself with cowdung and shingles at the respectful distance of forty paces, standing with his face to the wind in order that spectators may not be offended by his polecat effluvia.

He announced one of Judge Johnson's political speeches this way:

There will be a buzzard swarming at Poindexter Park tonight. If you have buzzard appetite, go out and enjoy yourself. But please go home to do your puking. It costs money to clean public parks in Jackson.

On enemies he regards lightly,

Sullens uses few words: "It isn't worth while trying to climb to the top of the world, Lester. You'd only have that much farther to skid." The afternoon before Bishop James Cannon's Methodist brethren were to ballot in an effort to remove him from office, Sullens presented, at the top of his editorial page, a seven-word editorial: "It is time to fire a Cannon." The night his old enemy referred to him as "a character assassin" found Sullens' typewriter snarling out in typical fashion:

In his verbal hemorrhage . . . judge-paulbulljohnson denounced the editor of the *Daily News* as a cowardly assassin of character or something to that effect. Being a wholly irresponsible person, words mean nothing to judge-paulbulletc. Our plea is, not guilty. We have never assassinated the character of the most dangerous demagogue who ever afflicted a long suffering commonwealth because he has no character to assassinate. You cannot assassinate a thing that is non-existent. Our assailant has no more character than a snake has hips. Listen, jpbj, spread wide both of your jackass auditory organs and get this earful . . .

Thereupon his typewriter sputtered and snarled over a few words by way of leading up to a description of the foe as "a vain posturer, a ranting rantipole and a miserable counterfeit." When his warm friend Gov. White, a very rich lumberman, ran for governor the

first time, enemies accused White of "buying out" the *Daily News*. Whereupon Sullens published on his front page a cartoon of White and a newsboy, the caption reading: HUGH WHITE BUYS THE DAILY NEWS — AT 5¢ A COPY.

III

It was in 1904 that Sullens parted with Col. Henry. Frank Bellinger and Walter Johnson had teamed up to publish the Jackson *Daily News*. Bellinger, the editor, hired Sullens to help write editorials and finally left him in charge of the editorial department while he went West for his health. In 1906 he wrote Sullens to make ready to hold down the job for life. His doctor had said his lungs would not get well. Sullens in the meantime had married Anne Kirkpatrick Lemon, whose wealth made it possible for him to acquire a half interest in the *Daily News* and a 100 per cent interest in the widest, most cordial circle of enemies any Mississippian has known since the last carpetbag governor was shotgunned back North.

Politicians make the most of Sullens. When their thunder gets weak they hold up a copy of his newspaper and say: "The Jackson Daily Liar." Then the red-necks throw their hats and scream till the

forests quiver. The same red-necks, however, run down to the five o'clock train the next day to see what the cockeyed liar has to say this time. They usually find an accurate, well edited report of the speech, with equally accurate, well edited stories of state, national, and international affairs. Sullens employs the best reporters in the business; pays them well, backs them up to the limit, religiously accepts a newspaper's responsibility for honest reporting. He is his own best reporter, and one of the best working at the trade. His news columns are singularly free of inaccuracies, a fact that few layman can understand, so overwhelming is the fury of his editorials. In Jackson people who hate the ground he treads on buy his editions as fast as they come off the press.

It isn't often that Sullens winds up backing the candidate he starts off supporting. In 1927 he championed Dennis Murphree as the man to beat Bilbo factionalism. In the second primary he was calling Murphree everything the traffic would bear. Last summer he was behind a clean-cut Sunday school teacher named Tom Bailey. In the second primary he was reviling Bailey and supporting a man he had fought many years. Although he

has been sued or threatened with suits in almost all the state's eighty-two counties, he has never let up on an enemy, not even while lawyers were arguing the libel suits. When Bilbo was elected Governor the first time he wrote: "It's time to take the eagle off the dome of the capitol and put up a buzzard." When Bilbo went abroad just before taking office the second time he wrote: "When Bilbo reached Denmark the band played *God Save the Queen*." His business associate, Walter Johnson, stays entirely out of his editorial affairs. Sullens himself explains that they speak once a year — "when we get together to see if we have made any money."

Maj. Sullens (he won his title in the military intelligence department in the first world war) clings to three delusions. He thinks he is the world's greatest poker player, a shark on Shakespeare, and a genius as a handyman around the house. Over the years the wolves have cleaned him to the gills at poker and left him in hock up to his watch fob. He often attributes to Shakespeare things more brilliant (and cockeyed) than Shakespeare ever thought of. Every spring his household used to shrink in horror when a certain glint came to Sullens' eye. The time had come

for him to paint the jardinière on the front lawn. The procedure was like this: Sullens would buy \$1 worth of paint, mix it on the back porch, and lug it through the house, slopping it over \$1000 worth of rugs, an \$800 divan, some fine tapestry, and an immaculate front porch. He would never think of walking around the house; he never walks (or writes) around anything. He usually wades straight through, and to hell with everybody and everything in his way. The painting finished, Sullens usually wiped his hands on a window curtain, his wife's best dress, or his shirt-tail.

If Frederick Sullens were to die tonight, his newsstaff would have a tough time piecing together a biography. He gives *Who's Who* about a quarter of a stick, showing he was born at Versailles, Missouri, on November 12, 1877, went to work on a St. Louis newspaper eighteen years later and transferred to Jackson in 1899. Today no living creature knows his move-

ments. He usually writes in the morning; and his private office is wide open from two sides, his desk being so arranged the doors cannot be shut. But nobody knows how long he will be at the office or when he will take a notion to go to Hot Springs, California, Mexico City, Washington, New York, Chicago, Denver, New Orleans, El Paso, or Cuba. His staff only knows that wherever he goes he will be thoroughly at home, and that he will come back with rollicking stories told him by Jim Farley, Jack Garner, Rupert Hughes, Mayor LaGuardia, Jack Dempsey, Mae West, or Randolph Hearst. On all his trips he takes his typewriter and his bride, the only person who could make him stop drinking. It is nothing unusual for his managing editor to leave Sullens at the office one week-end and, on Monday, find a two-column story fresh from Washington in which Sullens vividly describes what that lout Bilbo is up to now.



BOHEMIA ON THE CAMPUS

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

NEW generations of students have rolled over the University of Wisconsin campus — generations more earnest, more tangled in ideologies, more worried about jobs after graduation. Yet the aroma of bohemianism that once rose from Madison still lingers in the national nostrils. The opinion is still widely current that the climate of that town is favorable to the growth of nuts, queeries, and originals. The persistence of this reputation may be taken as a measure of the vitality of the bohemian life once rampant there, and as one who luxuriated in that heady intellectual climate I can testify that the reputation is not without foundation.

No college year in the annals of the American campus has been quite as madly unconventional as my first in Madison: the year that began in September 1931. Hundreds of us who lived through those nine high-pitched months still carry the imprint on our souls. Extra-legal drinking and sex may have been among the showier in-

gredients of the year, but they were not ends in themselves. They were part of a literary and philosophic dedication, gestures of a higher emancipation. And no year — not even in Madison, alas — can ever be quite as mad again. Time and depression have destroyed that sanctuary for collegiate bohemia.

Considering its size and relative unimportance in the cultural scheme of things, the University of Wisconsin gets itself an extraordinary volume of national publicity. Names like Alexander Meiklejohn, Glenn Frank, and William Ellery Leonard are enough to suggest the notoriety attached to the place. Legislative investigations of the campus are perennial. Sometimes it is Bolshevism that is probed. Three years ago it was the Athletic Department. More recently it was the discharge of Dr. Frank that caused the excitement, but in 1931-1932 the legislature occupied itself chiefly with charging that free love and boozing were rife on the campus.

This was, I am afraid, all too

true. Our drinking habits in those days, considering our youthfulness, amaze me in retrospect. We bohemians drank copiously of bad wine, synthetic gin, and revolting whisky. One place in Madison served etherized beer, a beverage which undid many a kidney. Many of us got dead drunk about twice a week; prohibition made it practically our social duty. Free love on the campus was a familiar practice as well as a popular theory. Except for the grey mass of average students, it was a year of vast experimentation, in which the experiences of the hip-flask decade were compressed into nine months.

Perhaps it is the environment of Madison that inspires its tendency to the hyperbolic and unpredictable. At the north end of the tiny town a score of college buildings sprawl over thirty acres of campus, most of it bounded by several long and silvery lakes. The skies are as clear and blue and white as the skies of southern Italy. Hundreds of pines and cedars fill the air with a clean briskness. The terrain is rhythmic with low slopes of hills, on the highest of which is the astronomical observatory, a favorite spot for lovers until four years ago, when glaring lights were installed to extinguish romance. A general atmosphere of tolerance, liberal-

ism, hectic controversy, and scenic loveliness awaited the students who flocked to Madison in 1931.

The prominence of "unconventionals" in the student body was in some measure traceable to Prof. Meiklejohn's Experimental College, then in its final year. Without set courses or lectures, this College had brought together in one spot at least four score instinctive bohemians from many parts of the country. The guinea-pigs, as we called them, reveled in their freedom from formal classes; they were a vivacious, talented, care-free group, and they infected all who came near them with the virus of their bonhomie and defiance of rules.

II

I don't mean to suggest that all the students were bohemians. Far from it. Some came for careers, for social prestige, to capture a mate — even for garden-variety education. But the tone of the institution was set by two or three hundred out of the 10,000 students. They put a stamp on the place. To this minority, college was nothing if not an adventure of the emancipated spirit — I try to recall what we meant by that: it seemed so obvious at the time.

Prof. Leonard symbolized the University. A tall, energetic gentleman, with luxuriant gray hair, loosely swinging limbs, sharply defined features, and a characteristic black windsor tie, he personified the bohemian spirit. Wherever you walked (within the radius of Prof. Leonard's psychic bonds, which are limited to ten mystical square blocks) you were sure to bump into him taking a stroll, his large-jointed fingers clasped behind his back. That he was an old-hat romantic sonneteer, an authority on Beowulf and Lucretius, that he learned a new language every year and already knew forty-eight—all this was secondary to us. What mattered was that he was the apostle of freedom. When the dean of men rocked all night outside the apartment of an unmarried couple in order to catch them *in flagrante delicto* at dawn, it was Prof. Leonard who publicly defended the right of any two people to live, as Ring Lardner phrased it, "without benefit to a clergyman."

Haywood House (named after Bill Haywood of the IWW) was, like Prof. Leonard, a symbol of Madison's bohemianism. A three-story shingled hideaway inhabited by fifteen or so poverty-stricken revolutionaries, it boasted no plumbing to speak of, and

hardly any furniture. The wallpaper dripped off the walls, the bathtubs were filled with old books and tennis rackets, and the sinks were choked with pipe cleaners and cigarette butts. The tenants were hardly any cleaner than their house. They shaved only when the hot-water ran, which was about twice a month. Instead of eating, they talked. They began talking in the afternoon and continued till the next morning. They talked about surplus value, the permanent revolution, the Bonus marchers, the third period of capitalism, the uselessness of socialists and liberals. They were always racking their brains for a good "issue" with which to arouse the student-body and stimulate social consciousness, but the authorities were too friendly and progressive.

In violent contrast to the revolutionaries of Haywood House were the tenants of Arden House (after the Forest of Arden, of course), backbone of effete estheticism on the campus. Arden was a boarding house for girl English majors under the direct supervision of the English Department. It was Arden House which subsidized the literary magazine, *Rocking Horse*, and it was the Rosalinds of Arden, who on Wednesday nights, played host to the Literary Society.

Two men dominated the Society at that time. S. I. Hayakawa was a Japanese assistant English instructor who had been born in Canada. Jules, the other, was a ponderous oracle from New York, who was built along the lines of Buddha and thought himself almost as wise. Jules' chief claim to leadership was that he corresponded regularly with Ezra Pound. Since then I have learned that Mr. Pound loves to correspond with anybody and everybody, but at that time Jules seemed alone on a mountain-peak.

The literary specimens read at Arden House meetings exemplified a now outmoded conception of unconventionality. Eight years ago, remember, the literary *enfants terribles* were still churning around in the backwash of the Sherwood Anderson-Theodore Dreiser-Sinclair Lewis school of sexual emancipation and *épater le bourgeois*. James Joyce was only beginning to make his influence felt, and then only among the most intellectually sensitive. The first volume of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* was being passed around. Mann's *Magic Mountain* was just coming into the foreground, but Franz Kafka was never mentioned. D. H. Lawrence, taken in conjunction with the Anderson-Dreiser tradition, had some effect.

And T. S. Eliot, Pound, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, and William Carlos Williams had a considerable vogue on the campus. It was at Madison that Louis Zukofsky planned and initiated that literary movement known as Objectivism, which thereafter attained some importance.

However, the most bustling centre of bohemia's disciples that year was the Music Room of the Memorial Union, which functioned as the unofficial gathering point for the bohemians when nothing else was stirring on the campus. Here we could always be sure of picking up an exciting argument or a comely poetess. In the Music Room I received my education in the infinite variety of the human species. Here I met Amy, who lifted up her skirts in public and invited comments on her knees; Abba, who improvised dances after the manner of Isadora Duncan when he became inspired by the music being played; Paul, who owed hundreds of dollars to local shopkeepers, who boasted of his parasitic existence, and who had nicknamed himself Paul Parasite; Bailey, who communed with Frank Lloyd Wright at Taliesin, Wisconsin, once a week, and who painted our girl-friends in the garish style of Georges Rouault; Sahlkin, who had

read the complete works of Einstein, who was visited with revelations from above, who told strangers, "Molecules, soon you will be dispersed into new forms of matter"; Bert, who had studied sculpture in Rome and music in Paris, who played Bach tenderly on the piano and was a disciple of St. Thomas Aquinas, who was studying medicine and hated it; and the girl whose favorite musical item was the *First Symphony* of Sibelius. "I am happy," she would announce solemnly, "to play Sibelius all day." If nobody stopped her, that's precisely what she did.

III

And so the days burned up like the endless cigarettes we smoked as we talked and drank wine and loved and talked some more. May Day we made a festive extravaganza, celebrated alike by communist, neo-Catholic, and dadaist. Hundreds of students gathered outside the dorms and cheered and shrieked and called for destruction and revolution and anything odd they could think of, such as the abolition of compulsory gym. When the police and firemen arrived, they were pelted from all windows with "water-bombs," which are paper bags filled with

cold water and guaranteed to give quite a shock when they burst on an unsuspecting head.

After that, Bohemia came to grips with a small-time Dies. An apostate-communist-turned-rabble-rouser was giving vent to the small-town distrust of the "destructive" elements in the university. At last, he dared to come into our very camp to expose free-love and Bolshevism on the campus. Bohemia denounced the enemy to his face, heckled him unmercifully, posed tricky questions. Finally Professor Gillen, of the French Department, a charming and confirmed Tory, stood up to assert that never had he seen such a disgraceful exhibition. He called upon us, nay, ordered us, to act like ladies and gentlemen. Our answer to this was to walk out dramatically. Bohemia felt it had decisively defeated Middletown.

And what of classes and courses and lectures? Yes, I had signed up for a full program of courses. But the authorities were generous with cuts and I found it easy to bluff my way through most of the courses. Zoology was harder to beat, but I managed to make a passing grade by copying all the lab drawings at the eleventh hour. At least I made it a point to take the final exams.

Some of my fellow-bohemians didn't even give in to the system that much!

Considered in retrospect there came, through the seemingly wasted days and nights of drinking, talking, and flirting, significant pieces of knowledge and insight that would eventually fit themselves into an education — a better education, perhaps, than the one received by those who had disciplined themselves and studied faithfully. We bohemians could not say, as Henry Adams said after he had graduated from Harvard, "As yet I know nothing. Education has not begun." We had received education in the despair of one's age when we heard *The Waste Land* read for the

first time. We had received fundamental insights into economics and society from the conversations about Marx and Lenin in Haywood House. We had received an education, also, in our contact with sharply different types of minds from all over the land. Provincialism broke down.

Most of all, we cultivated a certain inner integrity and mental independence that became increasingly valuable in later years, when all parties began their attempt to militarize and enslave the mind. Certainly no one who absorbed some part of bohemia that year can ever fall a prey to any sort of totalitarianism or regimentation, whether from Right or Left.



MAN'S NEED

By DAVID ROSS

MAN's need is fractional
 In the firmamental integer:
 He asks a trivial arc
 Of the heart's geometer;
 A winking spark
 Of the planetary fire;
 A trickle of air
 In the flooding atmosphere;

The sparrow's inch of sun
 In the hawk's aerial stadium;
 The minnow's pinch of pool
 In leviathan's aquarium.
 Not the thundered word
 But the whispered syllable;
 Not the exalted number
 But the kneeling decimal.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

The Menace of Leisure

IT has been suggested that all young men be taught a trade, so that they may know what work they are *out of*. This witticism is too close to home to be funny. For thousands of young Americans are being carefully trained in our educational set-up for jobs that do not exist, careers they will not follow, and a type of life that is mostly a memory. The assumption of our schools is still that beyond the college gates some urgent industrial or professional task waits to monopolize the graduate's existence. There's a race to be run, and excess cultural baggage would only handicap him. In the name of that vocation — chimerical as far as the majority of students is concerned — he is being packed full of specialized knowledge and forced to forego the consolations of a broad general education.

At best, supposing he does find work in his special field, the graduate is equipped to manage only thirty or forty hours a week of his future existence. As for the vast area of time beyond his working

hours, he faces it in helpless bewilderment, without the inner resources to use and enjoy the embarrassing freedom. No wonder the average American, even the so-called educated American, regards the prospect of leisure as a frightening menace, and is ready to fight it to the death with the poison gases of tabloid papers, radio hooey, and moronic movies.

American life has been molded by the pressures of an intensive pioneering history. The needs and rewards of a rapidly expanding industrial society made specialization essential. There was an immense amount of work to be done, not enough trained people to do it, and no time to spare for other things. Whatever did not fit into the pattern of some specific vocational preparation seemed frivolous and extravagant. Culture, the classics, intellectual contemplation, esthetic appreciations? — soft indulgences for the aged, the decrepit, and the female. A boy's duty was to build the man who would build bridges, flood the

world with widgets, or cut appendixes wholesale.

Those pressures, however, have been lifted. Neither the needs nor the rewards of extreme specialization are any longer with us. The depression, with its millions of workless, its rusting machinery and unemployed capital, will ultimately be ended; or at least our economy will be normalized on a new level. But the urgent, go-getting, breathless America of tradition is dead beyond resurrection. The gold rush is over, and we ought to be able to relax.

This is hardly cause for lamentation. There is really no good reason why a country should keep on galloping after it has got there. What makes the situation tragic is simply that we have been running and puffing so long that it has become a habit. We do not know how to stand still with grace, how to breathe deeply of the beauty around us, how to peer into the fascinating depths of life, without agonies of conscience. Unless we are outracing some other fellow and perspiring virtuously, we feel downright guilty. Our whole national life is geared for a race that is over. We still extol the virtues of industry and dog-eat-dog competition in an era of excess goods and excess labor; the virtue of thrift

in an age of embarrassing plenty. We produce plays for tired businessmen, though being tired (we mean tired, not bored) is an almost forgotten sensation to most of them. Radio, tabloids, and movies are manufactured for minds and nerves worn thin by a long day of hard work, though they are sold to men and women who barely remember what a long hard day of work looks like. The pace of life is being kept artificially and stupidly at a wild gallop, out of sheer habit.

If there is anything certain about our American future it is that we will have lots of time on our hands. We can produce goods much faster than we can consume them. New sources of energy are being tapped — even the potency of the atom may be released any day. Inventiveness is enlarging the return on human labor. In many industries and professions the five-day week is already an established fact. The thirty-hour working week sounds less utopian at present than the forty-eight hour week did a generation ago. At one end of the life-span, child labor is being effectively outlawed and the age of economic maturity postponed. At the other end, old-age pensions are certain to mean continually earlier retirement from productive employment.

Adjustment to this new abundance of time is the basic task of our epoch in America. The economic difficulties of the process are most apparent. Before the reduced total of work is spread through the whole population, we shall have full idleness for some, instead of leisure for all; we shall have the lunacies of "made" work, of inventions held in cold storage, of purposeful waste. Psychologically we shall be a long time overcoming the superstition that sweating is a noble end in itself. But finally the adjustment will be made, and far from seeming tragic, the new life will be deepened and enriched. We shall

recognize the difference between idleness and civilized leisure.

The responsibility of American education in this respect seems clear. Its new ideal must be human beings prepared to relish the beauties and mysteries of our world. Knowledge should be cultivated for its own sweet sake, and not as a means to some economic end. Education should sharpen the appetite for living, for exploring life. It should open new paths to enjoyment and develop our still rudimentary appreciations of physical and moral beauty. Only then will the awe-inspiring menace, leisure, finally be accepted as a blessing.



Lindy, Lindy — It's an old American superstition that anyone who succeeds supremely in one thing is thereby licensed as an expert on all things. The fellow who establishes a flagpole-sitting record and the lady who swims the Channel are consulted, while their notoriety lasts, on morals on the campus, do blondes make the best wives, and where's the world going to? The gent who writes a best-seller on the career of George Washington or the home life of the Aztecs instantly qualifies to choose Miss America for 1940 or to advise us how to fight Isms. Senators, Cabinet members, and Supreme

Court Justices at the moment of their elevation automatically become authorities on art, fashions, literature, Marxist economy — anything sufficiently far away from their immediate calling. As for Home Run Kings, obviously they have the final say on everything from Dali to high finance.

In a brighter day any dolt who piled up a lot of millions thought it his right, even his duty, to express himself vigorously on every subject that happened to be in the public eye. Having become a millionaire through the manufacture of panties for lamb-chops, let's say, what could be more natural than that the press

should hasten to obtain his views regularly on the latest hammer murder, the war in China, and French *vs.* American ankles? Leading bankers, of course, did not think it strange that they should be quoted on literature, painting, and intricate problems in international law. Events from 1929 onward rather put a quietus on the moneyed folk. Having made a bad muddle of their millions, their status as experts on life-in-general was badly impaired. Only a few, through inertia, still hold forth about everything-plus.

But other types of famous and notorious Americans continue to expertize on matters far removed from the origins of their fame or notoriety. The fault is not wholly theirs. Even more it is the fault of the American people who fail to distinguish between celebrity and wisdom, between prominence and insight, between specialized ability and universal sagacity. Because Henry Ford, for instance, has done a remarkably good job of building low-priced motor cars, the American public tends to accept him as a sage on sociology, anthropology, and foreign affairs. Actually, of course, his opinions on world peace, American history, and the fine arts should be accepted with the same reserve as he might accept

John Doaks' opinion on engine designs. He may be right in some of his views, but so may Mr. Doaks. Because Dr. Albert Einstein has a profound understanding of time and space, it is not at all certain (as reporters assume) that his views on advertising or the war are on the level of genius.

The most striking case study in this great American illusion is provided by the recent activities of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. No one denies that he made history, expertly and dramatically, when he flew the Atlantic. The memory of that performance still thrills the world. No one denies, too, that he has the same right and the same natural urge to hold and spout opinions on subjects in no way related to aviation as any other citizen. Indeed, some of those opinions may have sense to them, like the opinions of yourself, my barber, and the mayor of our town. We submit, however, that nothing in the Colonel's training or achievements invests his views on embargoes, imperialism, social revolution, Canadian history, offensive and defensive weapons, and so on with any special value. On anything other than aviation, Col. Lindbergh's hopes, fears, and prejudices have no logical claim to nationwide attention. Yet he is pushed forward

repeatedly as an expert on world affairs; and provided with an audience second only to the President's for his thoughts on American foreign relations. This ludicrous situation is less a reflection on the good sense of the Colonel than on the good sense of press and public.

The superstition that achievement in one field makes a man a sage in all fields is amusing as long as the omniscient one is prodded for his views on the Manhattan skyline and female pulchritude. Beyond that it can easily become mischievous. — E. L.



RUSSIAN DRESSING

Before —

Only the combined weight of the democracies — England, France, the United States, and the Soviet Union — can bring Hitler to his knees and force him to respect the rights of small nations.

— *Daily Worker*, July 3, 1939.

We should never forget that the fascist dictators have already begun the second imperialist war, and that they are trying to expand the present conflicts into a world war directed against the leading democracies — the United States, France, Great Britain and the Soviet Union.

— Earl Browder, August 12.

Germany stands more clearly than ever before as an imperialist aggressor and war-maker, threatening the independence of Poland as well as the positions and national interests of England, France and the U. S. To isolate the United States from ITS NATURAL ALLIES is to make it easier for Germany to attain its goal of attacking the United States.

— Communist Party bulletin, August 23.

— and After

The *New York Times* says that "this is a war between democracies like our own and the dictatorships." It is nothing of the kind. It is an imperialist war. . . .

— *Daily Worker*, September 23.

There can be no doubt that this is an imperialist war. Germany is not the sole aggressor. It is not a war against fascism, not a war to protect small nations from aggression, not a war with any of the character of a just war, not a war that workers should or can support.

— William Z. Foster, communist leader, September 20.

Chamberlain's claim that he is at war to destroy Hitlerism is one of those great historic lies which demand credence on the grounds of their arrogance and colossal dimensions.

— *The Communist*, October.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

A BRIEF essay on law and order in the Sunkist State is offered by the question-and-answer department of the *Sacramento Bee*:

A man is put in jail for the night. When the door is opened by two policemen next morning and he starts to walk out, they beat him with blackjacks and punch him in the stomach, knocking him down on the concrete floor and injuring his back. Is there any law in regard to this? — READER.

A person so treated should complain to the district attorney's office, if he feels the treatment was unjust or cruel.

PROGRESS of science, as recorded in the San Francisco *Examiner*:

Among San Francisco's heat victims was Andrew Sword, 78, who collapsed on the street, after venturing from his home at 2369 Sutter Street, wearing two heavy vests, a wool sweater, two pairs of woolen trousers, three shirts, two pairs of woolen socks, two pairs of long underwear and two pairs of slippers.

"A fellow told me heavy clothes would keep the heat out," he gasped to Central Emergency Hospital attendants.

MRS. EDWARD G. ROBINSON pays a touching tribute to her favorite Hollywood florist:

William Moore first made me conscious of the poetry in flower arrangement at an art exhibit for charity held in our home. With infinite taste, he

silently moved about the house, leaving such veritable masterpieces in his wake that even Gauguin's famous painting of "The Flowers of Tahiti" smiled down from the wall in fondest approbation.

FLORIDA

SWEET charity, Miami style, classified under "Business Opportunities" by the local *Daily News*:

DESIRE to contact party with \$2,000, who is interested in charitable work with reasonable return on money. Write Box 437, *Daily News*, for interview.

GEORGIA

LOCAL pride touches new depths in a note on the menu of The General Lee Motor Court:

WAYCROSS. — A thriving city of 25,000 bordering on the Okefenokee Swamp, the largest swamp in the United States. . . . Do not hesitate to ask any officer for information for other interesting places.

IDAHO

A NEW low in domestic manners, chronicled in the Boise *Capital News*:

BEING no longer under my bed and board, I will no longer be responsible for debts made by Myrtle M. Brown. Signed: Tempest T. Brown.

NOTE on contemporary morals, as

reported from Marsing by the UP:

After an extended debate, the Marsing Parent-Teachers' Association today passed a resolution which reads: "Resolved: That a flashlight is more useful on a dark and stormy night to a girl than a boy friend."

ILLINOIS

POLITICAL consciousness comes to the upper crust in Peoria, and is duly recorded in the local *Journal Transcript*:

Mrs. S. Reau Kemp, president of the Delavan Woman's club and hostess to Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, when the First Lady of the Land visited Peoria's neighboring city recently, has had an experience she long will treasure — she slept between the same sheets that her honored guest used!

Mrs. Roosevelt remained overnight at the Kemp country home and Mrs. Kemp drove her to Robinson next morning for another speaking engagement. Upon her return to Delavan, Mrs. Kemp said she began to tidy up the First Lady's bedroom, but an idea occurred to her and she left the same sheets on the bed.

"I slept between them that night, and got a real thrill out of it," the Delavan society leader said.

A GOD-FEARING community is summoned to a crusade through the ad columns of the O'Fallon *Progress*:

LOST, STRAYED and STRAGGLING — 100 Baptist members from the worship services of the O'Fallon Baptist Church. Anyone knowing of their whereabouts please suggest that they return to worship the Lord on His Day. The Baptist Church of O'Fallon, Illinois.

MICHIGAN

ANOTHER triumph for the democratic way of life is scored by the metropolis of Lansing, according to the South Lansing *News*:

City council has approved a change in its rules whereby a member who wishes to leave the council chamber during meetings, without first waving two fingers in the air, may do so if he gets the wink from Mayor Templeton.

MISSISSIPPI

SOUTHERN gallantry is not yet dead, as this item from the *Webster Progress* of Eupora proves:

Stern-Faced Judge Guynes grinned for the first time in several years, during a court session in Brookhaven last week. Defendant in a family-trouble trial was being cross-questioned. He said he had found a man in the bedroom with his wife when he came home one night. "Did he say anything when you found him there?" asked the district attorney. Pausing a minute the defendant replied: "He said 'I think I better be going along'."

NEW YORK

A READER of the highly poetic *Daily Worker* demonstrates that the Muses are on the side of the proletariat:

When you're reading capitalist papers,
Make allowances for capers,
Everything you read is doctored news.
Six-inch headlines, feature writer,
Makes no angle any brighter,
It's their gain to keep you so confused.
If you care for news and stories,
Minus venom from the Tories,

There is just one paper you should choose.
It's the paper with the answer,
To the lies and Tory cancer,
The *Daily Worker* carries honest news.

A MODEST request through the
New York *Herald Tribune*:

HELP WANTED — MEN
ARTIST, a genius only; free lance;
booklets, newspapers.

THE ever-cautious *Arbitrator* con-
tributes to our Conspicuous Under-
statement Department this com-
ment on Russia's violation of its
non-aggression pact with Poland:

The professions of friendship for the
Polish people, while invading their ter-
ritory to incorporate Hitler's remnants
into Russia, sound insincere.

SOUTH CAROLINA

How the *Polizei* of an up-and-com-
ing community amuses itself is
revealed to the world by a reader
of the *Charleston Gazette*:

Far from being hard-boiled, our police-
men are imbued with an unusual degree
of humor and good-nature. At head-
quarters, they often amuse themselves by
playing with their pistols, thus whiling
away many an hour which otherwise
would be dreary indeed. Occasionally
one of them will accidentally shoot
someone; but it is all taken in the spirit
of good clean fun, as indeed it is.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

NOTE on the white man's burden
in the British Empire, from a letter

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found
unsuitable cannot be returned.)

in the London *Daily Mirror* quoted
by the *New Statesman*:

Would you please tell me is it correct
for a lady visitor arriving for tea to
ignore the maid who admits her, or to
say good afternoon? Also should the
maid say good afternoon if the lady
ignores her?

AND another on the progress of
civilization by Rachel Ferguson in
Passionate Kensington:

I am certain that the world needs
contrast and the slums supply it.

MEXICO

THE Mexican New Deal over-
reaches itself, as seen in an AP
dispatch from Mexico City:

A delegation of Tepuxtepec civic leaders
was reported en route here today to
protest that the government's agrarian
program had been overdone. They said
a recent order dividing numerous tracts
of land among the peasants included
the main street of Tepuxtepec, the
cemetery, and fifty-five residences.

RUSSIA

THE glories of communism are
chronicled by Moscow's New York
Times correspondent:

Today the situation is on the upgrade.
Textile goods can now be procured
after queue-standing for six hours in-
stead, as in 1938, for twenty-four hours
in the Russian Winter. An overcoat is
procurable by an all-night wait in line.
Foodstuffs are abundant without
longer delays than Russians will always
find natural. Butter, wine and vodka
are unprocurable.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Deer

IT WAS in late July that the deer first revealed himself. He came down to my brook to drink. All summer long this land has been burning up with drought, the leaves of the parched maples taking on their autumn scarlet even before August had come, and the wild blackberries withering as hard and dry as hickory nuts before they could mature. There has been hardly any hay crop, and wells that have been unfailing for a century have had nothing in them but a sediment of dust. Usually, high up in the hemlock woods on the hill behind my house, it is moist. The sun does not penetrate those towering evergreens, and the black leaf mold underfoot is so wet as to be almost a marsh. Thick-growing ferns thrive there, and heavy carpetings of moss, and there are always little pools where a deer can drink. There are always mazy patterns of the deers' cleft hoof prints in the damp earth.

But this year there was no moisture even in the dark hemlock woods high on the hill. The leaf

mold was only a black dust, and so tindery-dry that it crackled underfoot. There were no pools where a deer could drink. And so this particular deer quitted the sanctuary of his hemlock woods, and came stealing down to my brook to get his water. It must have been no common thirst which so persuaded him, for to get to the brook he had to cross the dirt road and climb down a steep bank, overgrown with a tangle of thistles and maple saplings, and then, while he drank, he had to be in full view of my house. I could see him from my window. I could see him halt, quiveringly alert, looking this way and that, scenting the air, before he took the plunge across the road. While he drank, I could see him. His drinking place was a little pool in the rocks, a deep place where there are always dace and trout and where in the spring, I remember, a muskrat lived.

The deer, I should say, was probably three years old; he had only one tine on each spike of his antlers. A buck, the first summer after

he is born, grows two little straight spikes on his head. The next summer — his third, that is — he grows a tine on each of these, and the summer after that another tine. So this deer, I think, had lived through two winters, since his birth somewhere in the heavy woods on my high hill. For two winters and two summers he had been feeling the sun on his brown back, smelling the woods smells, foraging peacefully for moss and buds and berries.

He came down to the brook to drink, usually, in the dusk, or sometimes in the very early morning not long after the sun had risen. The first few times I saw him, coming down from the woods in the evening coolness or the dim dawn, he was manifestly timid and incessantly alert. All his life, in my hemlock woods and on the high uplands, he had had no thing to fear. These hundred-odd acres of mine are heavily posted. There is no hunting on them, no trapping, and, in fact, no person comes on them at all for months at a time. A fawn must be watchful against foxes, perhaps, but that is all. Never since he was born, it is likely, had this deer heard any more frightening sounds than the screams of the red-tailed hawks that sail over the hemlock tops and

build their nests there; probably his keen nostrils had never caught the scent of any preying things but the owls and coons that frequent that wooded place.

It was not surprising that now, when the deer came down from the woods he should be alert and timid and touched with bewilderment. There are man scents all along the brook, for men go fishing there, and from the deer's drinking pool my house is plainly visible. It is not to be wondered that his tawny ears twitched, or that he lifted his dripping muzzle often and looked about, or that one time, while I was watching him, the sudden take-off of a great blue heron, its heavy wings beating prodigiously, sent him bounding off through the maple saplings in great leaping arcs.

But presently, as day succeeded day, the deer grew unafraid. There was nothing to frighten him. He learned that the herons, for all their great wings and their croaking cry, were not inimical; he learned that this house of mine was not a hostile place; he saw me walk across my meadows or mend my fences or sit on a stump, and he remarked that I never did him any harm. The man-terror of wild things does not go very deep; it can be lost quite easily. And so the deer came to be

more leisurely about his drinking, and less incessantly watchful as he picked his way with delicate cleft feet, and in time he even approached nearer to the house and visited the orchard. He would stand there quietly, hardly like a wild thing at all, nibbling at the fallen apples with his sensitive upper lip and munching contentedly with his strong grinders. Latterly, he would not even look up at the house, unless a door slammed or there were some other sudden sound, and then he would only shift his cloven hoofs a little and cock his velvety ears and go on eating. He would be so little distant from my window that I could see the soft black outlinings of his nostrils and his eye rims and the tips of his ears.

II

For me, there was an extraordinary happiness in all this — one of those kinds of happiness which can be had only from living in a country place and having stewardship over a segment of outdoors. I liked to think about this deer, and to review his life in my mind, and to reflect that in these ghastly times I had it in my power to give sanctuary to at least one harmless living thing. He must have had a happy fawn-

hood, this little deer. I could visualize how, some May morning in the hemlock woods, he had first opened his eyes upon the world; how he had been hidden by his mother until he learned to walk and leap and run; how he had been taught to flatten his small spotted body against the ground when his mother sensed and communicated an alarm. How then, when his first autumn came, the white spots had disappeared, and he had put on his first winter coat. There must have been many excitements and many happinesses in those three years of life. There were new foods to be discovered: in winter, when the snow lay deep, the prickly aromatic twigs of cedars, in summer the thick green mosses that grew in damp places beneath the hemlocks and the tiny meadow mushrooms that grew in the wind-swept open places on the hilltop. There was playing to be done — the kind of exuberant purposeless caracoling that every wild thing loves — the leaping of fences and old stone walls. Perhaps, in the autumn, when the little berries on the thorn bushes had turned crimson and the trunks of the white birches were beginning to be visible as the yellow leaves thinned away, there was mating. And always there was the feel of the sun on his back, and

the pressure of the earth under his delicate hoofs, and the scent in his nostrils of ferns and wintergreen and pungent lichens.

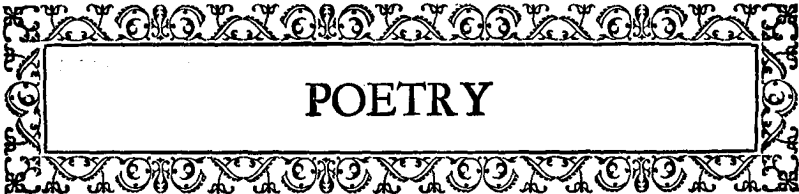
I liked to think about all these things, and to look at the deer standing so quietly now in my orchard, nibbling the apples, or poised at the brook edge among the water grasses, drinking, and I liked to participate vicariously in this life. It was good to turn off the radio for a while, stilling the horror tales out of Moscow and Berlin, and to put aside the newspaper, and to look out on my orchard or my brook and see that soft-eyed, tawny creature standing there, lithe and exquisite and full of life, and to reflect that here was a spirit which did not know either hatred or terror, as men know those things, but had only awareness of the smell of apples and the taste of flowing brook water and the warm feel of the sun.

They killed the deer day before yesterday. It required two men and an automobile and a gun. I have said that my acres are posted, and so they are; but a man cannot

post the whole universe, and a deer can hardly understand a boundary line. A deer that has lived for three years and has had no harm come to him cannot know that if he wanders a hundred yards too far along a familiar road, nuzzling for fallen nuts and berries, he will enter an area where there are men who cannot bear that he should be alive.

The hunters, having shot the deer so near to the edge of my land, and being full of pride and also courtesy, supposed that I would want to see their kill and so they brought it to my door for exhibition. The deer was strapped to the mudguard of their car, and he was dead. Those small cleft hoofs would not again stand beside a brook pool, or that muzzle be lifted against the wind, or those dark nostrils know the scent of ferns and moss and wintergreen. He looked surprisingly small, in death, but the men who had stopped his life seemed very happy. His little antlers, they told me, would look much bigger when they had been detached from his skull and mounted on a board.





POETRY

FIRST SNOW

BY FRANCES FROST

OUT of the northwest, down the coast, the snow
covers the sweet-fern, lodges in bayberry, hushes
the break of the hidden tide on the windward rocks.

Here on the fractured cliff the blackberry bushes
are purple-hooped under whiteness, their berries forgotten
by the tongues of the island children, the eaters of snow.

Children, if down your coast, among your islands
fly the low grey birds, their cockpits stuttering death,
be no more afraid than of the aiming gulls

who have cried toward their nesting rocks through your
childhood evenings.

Taste blood with no less delight than you taste new snow:
it is less cold and as brief as the melting flakes.

A FUGITIVE TEXT

BY MATTHEW BILLER

*If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right
hand forget her cunning . . . Psalms 137:5*

UNDER the willow and the eucalyptus,
Under the pine, the oak, the bleeding-thorn,
Mirrored in the sad waters, the arid sands;
Flung back from the swarming pavement, the field,
The lonely star, the strange and ever secret
Horizon — over and under them all and printed
Irretrievably: the ineffable memory.

"If I forget thee . . ." Here is meaning and healing.
 Exiles, wanderings, scourges, now are steps
 And promptings to the dim up-reaching city . . .
 The ending and beginning of the road.
 Here is the memory imagining
 Above the envy, strivings, sorrow, and breedings
 Of wars; defying weariness and hunger,
 Aspiring through the march of mighty nations.

Here the unexplainable persistence of a dream
 Over the desolations of the mind,
 Over time's unending rub and the bone's
 Inclement prod. Here lies the patient secret
 Of the world and of the human spirit,
 The hope, the goal, the final victory.

RUSSIA INVADES POLAND

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

O you, whom many hailed as standing for democracy and justices,
 What answer now?
 You who were oft maligned, yet even more fiercely defended,
 For twenty years and more, where is your vow?
 You who now make all light extinct, extinguished,
 Is this what you have been?
 Founder of misery, mockery, formless and forlorn horror,
 Here on earth's hopeless scene.
 Words now are useless. Let the eternal darkness
 Now sweep across the light.

Let lying pass for truth, and let all honor
 Be blotted from men's sight.
 Let misery pass for joy. Let misery conquer,
 Misery of slaves who face what they dare not tell;
 Let Christ, let truth, let Lenin perish. Let a gangster
 Lead mankind back to hell.

THE LIBRARY

Wanted: Art Critics

By JEROME MELLQUIST

THERE are several men of stature in contemporary American art, but our more vocal critics are apparently unaware of them. The well known Thomas Craven, for instance, editor of *Treasury of Art Masterpieces*,¹ scarcely admits their existence. This may seem paradoxical for one of Mr. Craven's reputation. Is he not the champion of American art; has he not opposed French sauce, alien "isms," and everything else that smacked of foreign importation? Then why is he missing so much of the native product?

The answer is that Mr. Craven looks for only a certain kind of painting. It usually comes from the Middle West. It is tough, gnarled, wind-bitten — accustomed to unfavorable weather. Its foliage is skimpy. Mr. Craven admires certain men and they are not, on the whole, the more expansive type. His favorites are Thomas Benton

from Missouri, Grant Wood from Iowa, and John Steuart Curry from Kansas. Charles Burchfield, from Ohio, is somewhat farther afield, and so are John Sloan and Reginald Marsh, from the Atlantic seaboard.

Mr. Craven grew up in the Middle West. He likes its farms and villages, and he believes that what lay about him in his infancy furnishes the proper material for American art. Maybe so. But a little examination will show that even this America is but partially expressed by the men he is rooting for. Benton, for example, paints ramshackle saloons, tumbledown rustics, bowlegged carts on dreary roads, bedraggled sharecroppers at their Sunday places of worship. Or, if he turns to the cities, he finds a tabloid life of crooks and rotters, sims and charlatans, night clubs and dirty white-ways. All is tawdry, cheating, low. This is what Thomas Benton sees. It exists — we all know it does; and in the sense that

¹ *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces: From the Renaissance to the Present Day*, edited by Thomas Craven. \$10.00. Simon & Schuster.

he has made a record of our rips and seams we should, I suppose, be grateful to Mr. Benton. There is, however, another Middle West about which he apparently knows nothing. It has baseball games on Sunday, grows great harvests in the fall, rears mighty elevators and flour mills, enjoys beautiful seasons, even has episodes of happy family life. This Middle West has never been painted by Thomas Benton.

John Steuart Curry is somewhat closer to it. Thriving pigs, horses in the stall, cyclones and line-storms, circuses and improvised baptisms abound in his canvases. He has at least sensed the poetry of the prairie. But he stops there; he does not render this experience into something independent of its subject matter. If one examines his *Line-storm*, which is handsomely reproduced in the Craven book of masterpieces, it will be seen that the horses are not such animals as we see in the field — they are like the little penny banks we used to have as children. A certain imprecision prevails in the drawing.

This is even more clearly demonstrated in Curry's black-and-whites. In *Prize Stallion*² one does not know where the line of the neck is sup-

posed to be; in *Hounds and Coyote* the wild beast is a cripple according to the way the artist has drawn him. Elementary considerations no doubt — yet why should we be any more lenient in the field of art than we are in baseball? If Joe Di Maggio muffs a fly, we let him know it.

Grant Wood is a somewhat more recent addition to Mr. Craven's ring of favorites. He first achieved prominence at the World's Fair in Chicago — the painting, as some will remember, was his *American Gothic*: honest farmer, wife, pitchfork, high-gabled barn in back. Supposedly a true picture of rural America. But it so happens that Mr. Wood has been to Europe. There he assimilated the pattern-like works of Hodler, a Swiss, which have a static, cut-out effect. Grant Wood transposed them into an American environment. The members of his audience would not know this, of course. Mere subject matter would betray them.

The case of Charles Burchfield is somewhat different. He never went to Europe. He never, like Grant Wood, discovered while sitting in the Dôme, that all his "good ideas" had come to him while he "was milking a cow in Iowa."³ He stayed in Ohio, and there he looked about

² *A Treasury of American Prints: 100 Etchings & Lithographs*, Edited by Thomas Craven. \$3.95. Simon & Schuster.

³ *Modern American Painting*, by Peyton Boswell, Jr. \$5.00. Dodd Mead.

him and set down what he saw. It was not pretty. Unpainted industrial suburbs, purplish skies, slag and cinders, smeared and hopeless tenements. Yet a certain honesty ran through his efforts. As Henry McBride once expressed it in the *New York Sun*, he was the Sinclair Lewis of American painting. One could not say that he had contributed anything to his medium, nor that he had enlarged our joy in living, yet he had rendered a certain indictment, and we could respect him for it.

John Sloan, though he also paints city streets, slums, and dingy interiors, does so with an invention that leaves a residue beyond the subject matter. He had, particularly in his early etchings, a verve and a sympathy which he perfectly translated with an individual line. If he pictured Washington Square, crowds coming home at night, or the teeming El, he left you with an impression that it was *his* and nobody else's. Perhaps that is why Mr. Sloan disclaims the gospel of the American scene which Mr. Craven so hoarsely preaches. "It is not necessary," he declares, "to paint the American flag to be an American painter. As though you didn't see the American scene whenever you open your eyes! I am not for the American scene. I am

for mental realization. If you are American and work, your work will be American."⁴ Would that critics were as sensible as the painters!

Reginald Marsh is the last of Mr. Craven's favorites. Mr. Marsh has a certain bludgeoning style which is effective. He goes to Coney Island, the Bowery, burlesque — wherever life is raw and clamorous and dirty — and there finds his interests. He records them in pictures which are valuable as documents. Years from now we may be sure that when we want to find good, objective statements on the more raucous and vulgar aspects of contemporary American life, we can obtain them in the spotty glimpses of Reginald Marsh. Their value does not go far beyond that.

II

Yet with all his limitations, Mr. Craven is a good cut or two above Peyton Boswell, Jr., who has furnished the commentary to a collection of reproductions which previously appeared in *Life*. Such a book, of course, is designed for the trade — mass production, big sales, and not too finicky. Nevertheless, this one is just a little too

⁴ *Gist of Art*, by John Sloan. \$3.75. *American Artists Group*.

much. Mr. Boswell offers an assortment of comments culled from the capable Barr and Cahill survey of American Art,⁵ from the Isham and Cortissov history of the same subject, and from some other source-books in the field. These he has recast in formless fashion, and poured over it a sauce of his own mixing.

"Our artists were sopping up" — is the way he puts it — "Cubism, futurism, dadaism or any other stylish ism they could find." Such unhappy figures abound in his book. Occasionally Mr. Boswell is inaccurate in matters of detail. He asserts, for example, that the famous gallery "291," where Modern Art was first shown in this country three decades ago, was off the main path of the gallerygoers. Then why is it that Hapgood of the *Globe*, Miss Cary of the *Times*, the irrepressible Huneker, Eddy, and the others reported on it so regularly? Like Mr. Craven, he omits some of the greatest painters we have. John Marin, that foremost living American painter who three years ago was the recipient of an impressive one-man show at the Modern Museum, is not reproduced here, but dismissed as an "internationalist." This is strange

indeed. For thirty years Marin has painted the coast of Maine, New York skyscrapers, the mountains of New Mexico — and sung their beauties in a manner all his own. Which hardly adds up to Mr. Boswell's characterization.

Charles Demuth was an accomplished, if minor, painter. Several years ago, indeed, two whole floors were devoted to his Memorial Show at the Whitney Museum of American Art. Mr. Boswell disposes of him, too, as an "internationalist." I wonder what the natives of Lancaster, Pa., would say to that. Similarly, Marsden Hartley, ignored also by Mr. Craven, out of Lewiston, Maine, is just another "foreigner." Here again the evidence is to the contrary. Museums and collectors for almost thirty years now have recognized Hartley as a true poet of his own countryside. Louis Eilshemius also is omitted. An odd character — crusty, distorted, lonely, babbling now⁶ — he has produced in his time some spirited idylls of the American lakes and meadows. Yet he too, presumably, is not an "American." The list could be extended — Benjamin Kopman, a painter of taste, intelligence, and conviction; Leon Hartl with his bouquets; the

⁵ *Art in America: A Complete Survey*. Edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. and Holger Cahill. \$1.89. Halcyon House.

⁶ *And He Sat Among the Ashes: A Biography of Louis M. Eilshemius*, by William Schack. \$3.00. American Artists Group.

unfortunate Alfred Maurer, once a Carnegie prizewinner, later a Modernist, and never able to reconcile them save by suicide; the able and well-established Max Weber — but why go on? What, one wonders, does it take to “belong?” And who holds the divine right to certificate the credentials of the American artist?

III

Edward Alden Jewell is more authoritative.⁷ As Art Editor of the *New York Times*, he at least has to be scrupulous about the facts. He is the only one among these critics who really attempts to answer the question, “Have we an American Art?” In his book he examines the comments which French critics made upon the Americans who were brought to the *Jeu de Paume* in the summer of 1938. He debates with them. They say we reflect only Europe. Mr. Jewell does not entirely deny this. But he does declare that something native — both in art and experience — is ours, and that it is slowly making its way. Yet he does not assert, shout, preach, or hammer. He demonstrates. Point by point he produces the evidence.

⁷ *Have We an American Art?* by Edward Alden Jewell. \$2.75. *Longmans, Green*.

This is a first step towards honest, unarrogant criticism. Mr. Jewell does not crow about his patriotism. He is quiet about it, and one respects him all the more for his reticence.

Alfred Barr and Holger Cahill are the directors, respectively, of the Museum of Modern Art and the Federal Art Project. Their survey, as we might expect, is informed, reliable, solid. They may be somewhat pedestrian, but they cover everything — from the Colonial limners to the portrait-makers of the Revolution, on into the lively genre painters of the nineteenth century — the triumvirate of Eakins, Ryder, and Homer; the expatriates Whistler and Sargent; then the developments since. They do not omit, because they are impartial.

Who else remains? There is Lewis Mumford, whose appreciations when he was on the *New Yorker* were urbane and perceptive, even when they were tinged with sociology. Unfortunately he never developed them as systematically as he did in architecture. Paul Rosenfeld has always shown an independent and discriminating mind, but his more extended works have been in the field of music. Henry McBride of the *New York Sun* is witty, writes well, and can't

be fooled by bad painting. But he has never found time for a book. Royal Cortissoz, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, knows the past, but he is less sympathetic to the present. The same is true of Professor Frank Jewett Mather, of Princeton. Suzanne La Follette's *Art in America* pertained to other arts besides painting.

One may conclude that our painting is more impressive than our criticism of painting. This is not wholly a misfortune, for painting is not literature and it should

not depend upon it. All the critic can do is support the work already produced. His chief function is to get the public behind it. He should be both a spur and a go-between. Also, we are unquestionably in the midst of what Mr. Boswell, among others, has called a Naissance. Art strides on. Only our critics lag. Soon the public may demand that they keep up with the procession. Meanwhile our men of stature too often languish as solitaries. We need them and they need us. Art critics are wanted.

THE CHECK LIST

FICTION

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY, by W. Somerset Maugham. \$2.50. *Doubleday Doran*. The wanderer has come home again. After anthologies, weakish fiction, and such, Mr. Maugham has written his strongest novel since *Of Human Bondage*. The characters breathe action and reek with the muck of life on an assortment of levels. A petty thief, convicted murderer, a prostitute, a revolutionary, the smug respectables, all are drawn with a sense of perspective and an eye for the sound drama. In a way the social horizon of Mr. Maugham is broader and less intensely individualistic than it was in his earlier work. But whatever is lost in individual emotionalism is more than gained in the breadth of the canvas he now makes use of.

TOMMY GALLAGHER'S CRUSADE, by James T. Farrell. \$1.00. *Vanguard*. Small but juicy item of Farrelliana which appeals more to the heart than to the mind. Tommy, as the blurb says, may be a "character at once brutal, sinister, portentous and pathetic" but how he got that way instead of following along with his upright brothers is not revealed in Mr. Farrell's photography.

LIVE AND KICKING NED, by John Masfield. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The retrieved and revived corpse of *Dead Ned* is very much alive in this continuation of Mr. Masfield's story. He carries on with a murderous captain, a ship haunted by hoodoo, and a dauntless heart. In the end the heart wins out

and our hero returns to England for vindication and fortune. A right snappy tale for those who enjoy the nautical phrase and the hairbreadth escape.

SEVEN AGAINST THE YEARS, by Sterling North. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The after-college-what theme is handled by Mr. North with more than customary competence. Between the graduation of the Class of '29 of Chicago University and the reunion ten years later he sandwiches in crisp synopses of the careers of seven classmates — a reporter, a socialist, a poor Greek, an oil geologist, an Eagle Scout, a collar-ad, and the heir of a Chicago packer.

THE NAZARENE, by Sholem Asch. Translated by Maurice Samuel. \$2.75. *Putnam's*. Mr. Asch's powerful and dramatic story of Jesus Christ and the world from which he sprang is one of the great novels written on the theme. He has completely absorbed the materials of the period, and where George Moore in *The Brook Kerith* wrote with gentle irony, Sholem Asch writes in epic spirit with simple and all-embracing compassion. Here the synthesis of scholarship and literary craftsmanship is realized. The women of Palestine who have always figured as colorless symbols in the literature of Christ become, in Asch's fashioning credible, passionate human beings.

KITTY FOYLE, by Christopher Morley. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. Through the mouth of Kitty Foyle, who leads a surprisingly trite life, Mr. Morley takes some excellent digs at Main Line Philadelphians. The book is different from his usual whimsey, but heart warming nevertheless.

HUDSON REJOINS THE HERD, by Claude Houghton. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Mystery and introspection rolled into one. Stephen Hudson was shot by a famous financier in the flat of a notorious actress. He writes the story of his return to life in a London nursing home. Despite the sensational characters the novel is slow moving.

THE DAY BEFORE, by H. M. Tomlinson. \$2.50. *Putnam*. Mr. Tomlinson writes easy, emotionless prose whose themes and characterizations parallel the American hardboiled school, but entirely lack its tough footwork and powerful short jabs. An Englishman in this story with a pre-World War I setting loses his job and finds an adventure. There is supposed to be a measure of social insight, etc. but it's the story that counts.

BIOGRAPHY

THOREAU, by Henry Seidel Canby. \$3.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. Mr. Canby has transformed legend into life, elevating the Yankee Saint into the much more interesting Yankee Pan who though "moralized, intellectualized, and nearly smothered by Harvard, spiritualized by Hindu philosophy . . . nevertheless, kept unimpaired a gusto for living, an essential passion for emotional experience, rare in New England of the Puritans. . . ." Blood is injected into Thoreau's veins, and women into his life, and altogether the figure that emerges is infinitely more forceful and likable than the bloodless hero of the schoolbooks.

FORGING AHEAD, by Wilfred Partington. \$3.50. *Putnam*. The amazing biography of Thomas James Wise, "the most successful literary forger the world has ever known." For a number of years this extraordinary bibliographer not only pulled the wool over the eyes of the experts but was successful in kidding the whole literary world and getting an honorary degree from Oxford as well.

SIDNEY HILLMAN, by George Soule. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Mr. Soule's glowing tribute is scarcely in his customary sharp critical tradition. A charming, if superficial, story of a major labor-industry reconciler.

A VICTORIAN IN THE MODERN WORLD, by Hutchins Hapgood. \$5.00. *Harcourt Brace*. An extraordinarily interesting and modern autobiography. Hapgood's wide circle of acquaintances included a large number of those who helped shape the artistic,

political, and critical values of the "modern world," and he writes of them with a poised and entirely unselfconscious candor. The total effect of his volume is one of spiritual stature in the virile meaning of the phrase. He has no reason to feel, as he suggests, that he may to some extent "appear ridiculous to the modern mind." His book, in fact, should be required reading for the modern.

WHISTLER'S FATHER, by Albert Parry. \$3.50. *Bobbs-Merrill*. As the book-jacket says, Maj. George Washington Whistler has an outstanding claim to the title of Forgotten Man. His accomplishments as a railway builder have been completely overshadowed by the fame of his son and of the son's picture of his mother. Maj. Whistler was world-famous in his time — the early eighteen hundreds — and built the first Russian railroad, from St. Petersburg to Moscow. This was the most unusual phase of his life, and the author devotes practically the entire book to it. The result is a highly colorful and worthwhile account of a Yankee at Czar Nicholas' Court. The young Whistler and his mother figure prominently, of course.

MR. CIBBER OF DRURY LANE, by Richard Hindry Barker. \$3.00. *Columbia U. Press*. Scholarly biography, with much unpublished material, of Colley Cibber, the English actor, playwright, and poet laureate. Cibber lived from 1671-1757, a span which covers some of the most fruitful and lively years in English stage history. Fine for serious stage students.

MISCELLANEOUS

MARXISM: AN AUTOPSY, by Henry Bamford Parkes. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. One of the clearest, calmest, most competent criticisms of Marxism that has appeared this generation. Mr. Parkes resorts neither to invective nor weighted logic in dismembering the Marxist doctrine. He differentiates in the first place those elements in the Marxist outlook which are peculiar to Marxism and those which merely share a common heritage of

earlier economic thought. It is essentially the "moral energy" derived from a belief in freedom which has given the Marxist movement strength, says Mr. Parkes, and not "A metaphysics which declares that the future is determined, a sociology which traces all human ideals and aspirations to a basis in material needs, an economics which is riddled with the most elementary fallacies and with predictions which have not been realized. . . ." The means of Marxism go far astray from the end of freedom which the founding fathers sought "and those means have then been erected into dogmas and themselves given the status of ends." It remains for the progressive movement "to maintain the moral idealism, the enthusiasm for freedom and human development which have characterized the Marxists; but to elaborate an economic program and a political strategy which will not make that enthusiasm futile." Mr. Parkes' own suggestions for a practical program are a combination of different steps which would provide for freedom of individual choice, disappearance of unearned income, job security.

LAW AND POLITICS, Occasional papers of Felix Frankfurter. \$3.00. *Harcourt Brace*. Lucid, non-technical essays, bringing alive the Frankfurter social and economic thought — and the thought of a Justice of the Supreme Court may well hold an index to our future.

MAUD, Edited and arranged for publication by Richard Lee Strout. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Selections from a diary kept by a shallow young miss who lived in a steamboating town on the Mississippi in the 1880s. Chief concerns are boy friends, clothes, parties, and run of the home affairs. Wars come and go; lassies go on forever.

HOW WAR CAME, by Raymond Gram Swing. \$2.00. *Norton*. A selection from the author's broadcasts during the six months preceding the war: leisurely in pace until August 21, when the Nazi-Soviet pact was announced, and breathless thereafter. Considering the pressure under which these talks

were written, they hold up remarkably well. Much of the speculation scarcely deserves print, having been too well proved or disproved by events. But its inclusion does convey a sense of the bewilderment of the period.

THE HISTORY OF AN ADVERTISING AGENCY, N. W. Ayer & Son At Work, 1869-1939, by Ralph M. Hower. \$4.00. *Harvard U. Press*. Detailed and documented study of an advertising agency which is really the history of American advertising. N. W. Ayer, co-operating with the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, has made possible this fifth work of the Harvard Studies in business history. From its start, when Francis Wayland Ayer, as a penniless youth of 20 in 1868 turned from teaching to solicit advertisements for the *National Baptist*, Prof. Hower has traced the policy, management and economics of the agency.

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES PAST EIGHT, 1000 and 1 Broadway First Nights, by Ward Morehouse. \$2.50. *Dial Press*. The author conducts the well known Broadway After Dark department in the New York *Sun*, and has traveled the world at large as well as the world of Broadway. Everywhere he gets close to the people who do the interesting things, and his book adds up to the engaging semi-autobiography of a twentieth-century man of the world. Especially recommended to the celebrity-conscious.

FREEDOM AND CULTURE, by John Dewey. \$2.00. *Putnam*. America's premier philosopher considers the problem of freedom and culture in the looming shadows of 1939. "If there is one conclusion to which human experience unmistakably points," he writes, "it is that democratic ends demand democratic methods for their realization. Authoritarian methods now offer themselves to us in new guises. . . . Our first defense is to realize that democracy can be served only by the slow day-by-day adoption and contagious diffusion in every phase of our common life of methods that are identical with the ends to

be reached and that recourse to monistic, wholesale, absolutist procedures is a betrayal of human freedom no matter in what guise it presents itself." Democracy, like science, requires freedom of inquiry, toleration of diverse views, freedom of communication. What Mr. Dewey's statement lacks in vividness it makes up for in precision.

GIDDY MINDS AND FOREIGN QUARRELS, by Charles A. Beard. 50¢. *Macmillan*. Dr. Beard unleashes his wrath and scholarship on those who feel America has a mission in "putting down the wicked abroad." He administers a sound thumping to the "brash young tom-tom beaters in journalism, who know no history beyond a few days ago, write books on the 'inside' of this or that" and want to strike up the band. The United States, says he, should stay out of the war, keep its powder dry and its nose clean.

JUGGERNAUT: THE PATH OF DICTATORSHIP, by Albert Carr. \$3.00. *Viking*. A provocative, though overly-ambitious, attempt to search out the single key which will explain the enigma of dictatorship. Mr. Carr draws crisp case histories of outstanding political muscle-men from Richelieu to Hitler and divides them into dynasts, revolutionaries, and crisis-men. He sees the crisis-men as dominant in the future unless democracy in all its socialist implications asserts itself.

FORCES IN AMERICAN CRITICISM, by Bernard Smith. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. A curious jumble of critical history, snap judgment, and unverified generalization salted down with a leftist viewpoint. Mr. Smith covers a pretty stretch of ground but his observations are uneven and haphazard. His chapters on Marxist criticism in the United States are perhaps the best validated in the book but even here, either out of ignorance or a desire to conceal, the omissions are striking; there is no analysis of Russian influence reflecting itself in the literary sphere or of the reasons for the alterations this criticism underwent.

THE OPEN FORUM

THE FOOTBALL CONTROVERSY

"What Price College Football?" by John Tunis, in the October MERCURY aroused much comment in the schools and sports pages of the land. The letters received by Mr. Tunis and THE MERCURY are too numerous to print, but we offer here some typical reactions both pro and con:

SIR: I wish to express my appreciation of your article, "What Price College Football?", in the October MERCURY. I enjoyed it and agree with most of your classification of institutions. I wish to commend your pressing home the dishonesty that prevails in many college circles, for you have not overstated the case. I wish you would raise the counterpart query in a suitable article, namely, why does the public pass by good sportsmanship and herd in such numbers at contests which are so glaringly lacking in institutional candor?

C. C. WILLIAMS
President
Lehigh University

Bethlehem,
Pennsylvania.

SIR: I have just finished reading "What Price College Football?" I want to congratulate you upon the splendid manner in which you have handled this subject, and I predict that you have rendered a distinctive service to American education.

PAUL H. BOWMAN
President
Bridgewater College

Bridgewater,
Virginia.

SIR: "What Price College Football?" strikes me as a particularly good job. Having been through the mill I think I can appreciate

some of the care, effort, and expense that you must have put into its preparation. At the risk of being a little profound, I want to express my conviction that you have expounded a moral issue which I wish could be brought to the attention of every high school principal, coach, and pupil (and his parents) in the country.

HOWARD J. SAVAGE
Secretary, Carnegie Foundation
for the Advancement of Teaching.

New York City.

SIR: From what I know of college football through experience as a one-time sports writer and from what I have picked up since, I think that John Tunis' statements are essentially correct. I await the reaction with interest.

W. V. MORGENSTERN
Director of Press Relations
University of Chicago

Chicago.

SIR: I approve of John R. Tunis' article "What Price College Football?" and of his other attacks on hypocrisy in the higher positions on college faculties. To pull out the weeds would be really a simple problem if the presidents of colleges were honest, industrious, and fearless. In the usual college football squad there are never more than thirty or forty really good players. In most colleges a large percentage of these are bona fide students with means sufficient to make scholarships unnecessary. The actual cases needing investigation and decision are never so numerous that a President cannot find out the necessary facts about his squad in a few hours. It is therefore thorough hypocrisy for such an executive to say, "I am too busy to know; I have to leave that to others whom I

trust." Also it is not difficult to distinguish the weed from the good grain. Just look at the scholarship record, and the geography involved.

JOHN "TERRY" MCGOVERN

New York City.

SIR: THE MERCURY is to be congratulated upon the article "What Price College Football?" by John R. Tunis. It is certainly a fair report, and I hope that its results will be far reaching.

K. C. LEEBRICK

President

Kent State University

*Kent,
Ohio.*

Mr. Tunis' article got considerable dispraise, some of it from the sportswriters of the country who, practically as a man, asked "So What?" Below we offer the two refutations of Mr. Tunis from readers, and sample reactions from sportswriters:

SIR: As an alumnus of Dartmouth, and an active one, I have been deliberately misled by the college authorities, if what Mr. Tunis says in the article in your September issue, is true. Dartmouth men everywhere will resent Mr. Tunis' insinuation concerning the selective system of admission, by which admission is in the hands of the college authorities, who ask alumni, under the direction of members of the Alumni Council, to interview candidates for admission in order to make sure that men applying for admission are intellectually equipped to make the most of their opportunity. That method is thoroughly justified in view of the fact that facilities of the college will not permit of a student body of more than 2500, and also because by thus eliminating the playboys and loafers, fewer "flunk-outs" have resulted, and the constructive work of the college advanced. In imitation of the Dartmouth system of selective admissions, Harvard has adopted a modified plan of the same kind.

I can claim some personal experience with

this system of alumni inspection of candidates, because I have been called upon, with other alumni of my community, to interview a large number of candidates. I do not recall a single instance in which any special attention has been given to athletes. Last year we unanimously rejected a Washington high school player, a potential All-American football player, simply because we did not believe that he could make the grade scholastically, and also because he frankly expected to receive financial help because of his football ability. We told him that Dartmouth had no funds for that purpose, and we suggested that he apply to some college which did, and named a few of them for his information. Even if we had passed him, the college would not have admitted him.

I know that the question we invariably ask first is "What is your scholastic standing?" and all other questions we ask are subsidiary to that consideration.

F. STIRLING WILSON

*Chevy Chase,
Maryland.*

SIR: I should like to make a few comments on your classification of Yale, along with some other institutions, as "semi-pro." We do not grant subsidies here to athletes as such, whatever you may have heard or believe. Many of our football players and other athletes are on scholarships; but to win them they must meet the same University standards for such awards as apply to any other undergraduate.

We have a very strict arrangement with the Athletic Association. A competitor for any team must sign a so-called "eligibility card" and file it with the Director of Athletics, stating thereon the precise amount and terms of any financial aid he has received from any source other than his own family. The Athletic Director then checks those records with me regarding all aid, whether on a scholarship or loan basis, from individuals, alumni associations, or University sources. This becomes a matter of official record unless it has actually been deliberately concealed

by the student — a circumstance which, knowing the men themselves and the specific nature of statements required of them on the subject, I think is extremely unlikely. If we felt in any case that there was impropriety in respect to reported aid to an athlete, or that he has received "favors" by reason of his athletic promise — *e.g.*, financial assistance for which he did not qualify scholastically under the University's general regulations for all students, which are quite stiff — the Athletic Association would on its own initiative declare such a person ineligible.

A. B. CRAWFORD

*New Haven,
Connecticut.*

Stanley Woodward, in the New York Herald Tribune:

Every fall John R. Tunis, whose proper field is tennis and associated racket games as well as free-lance writing, comes up with an indictment of college football. . . . Yes, college football players are paid. Moreover, they are paid by numerous colleges which have high academic standards and pretensions to athletic purity. The Big Ten isn't pure. The other conferences are beyond the pale. The Ivy League is no bargain. Even the little colleges do tricks. But haven't we been over all this ground before?

There is only one weakness in Tunis' article, aside from the fact that he has sold the same dope on numerous previous occasions. That is, that he doesn't realize that football has attained such a stature that economically independent boys can't play it any more. They don't have the legs. . . . Ninety per cent of the football players of the present day come from poor families. They have been toughened by necessity in youth. Their legs are strong. They can take a crack without going into a faint.

Colleges, of course, have to get good football players so they have to get poor boys. They have to pay the mortgages on stadiums, support the intramural program and see that the comparatively impotent members of the undergraduate body are provided with some

sort of exercise. They have to support crews, squash teams, high jumpers, and fencers. Most of the money comes out of football. So they hire poor boys with strong legs to get the money for them. Some of the poor boys turn out to be bums. Others seize the opportunity offered and raise themselves into good spots in "life."

Harold Scherwitz, in the San Antonio Light:

Mr. Tunis works himself into a lather by stating that football rules the roost now, determining the actions and conduct of college presidents, deans and administrative officers. He adds that "it has become an unsavory racket and as such has no justifiable place on a college campus. . . ."

The public, which is a lot smarter than most writers give it credit for, knows that any large, competitive institution such as football has its evils. But, when the primary evil is helping a kid get a college education, yelling violently to throw football out of the college picture is so much claptrap.

Austen Lake, in the Boston Evening American:

John R. Tunis, the literary nudist who has earned many a penny by authoring sport exposes for the magazines, comes up with another doubtful revelation on college football in a current issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, a publication which portrays life without any pants. Some of what Tunis says is true — true in the tone of a grammar school history of the Spanish War. Everybody knows that many colleges are not bound by delicate rules of football eligibility, or, in some cases, have no rules at all. . . .

I have been a critical analyst of college and professional football for 20 years, both as player and observer. In neither branch of sport have I ever heard the slightest whisper that any game was "thrown," and I trust I am not one of John's ostriches. I would say that the worst of the colleges, which commercialize football as a means of ogling alumni donations, enlarging enrollment and obtaining free advertising, have never faked a football game.

Jimmy Wood, in the Brooklyn Eagle:

If it isn't John R. Tunis again! Yes, it's old Johnno stirring up another dish of trouble in the current *AMERICAN MERCURY*. . . . The only trouble with John's story is the probable reaction to it. The public probably will answer "So What?" Most football customers have known for years that all the young men on the field are not exactly prepared to die for dear old Whoosis without room and board and, perhaps, a wee bit of spending money. Why, even the little blonde in the red hat on the 50-yard line, who doesn't know a spinner from the water bucket, can tell you how the big, handsome halfback was persuaded to come to dear old Wash-board U.

In fewer words, we feel that Mr. Tunis has done a good job but it has been a case of love's labor lost. . . .



NO TEARS

SIR: Stanley High's charge that in the construction of the New York World's Fair labor's "unscrupulousness cost exhibitors . . . \$4,000,000" scarcely excites me to shed one solitary tear. I have read his article twice in order to see if I could squeeze out a single grunt of moral indignation but the only response I get is a brutal "so what?"

Mr. Whalen's circus cost something more than \$155,000,000. His own modest headquarters at the Fair set the Fair Corporation back several million dollars including champagne, caviar, and smorgasbord for the visiting kings, queens, dukes, archdukes, and our own qualifying gentry. The Fair theme — known vulgarly as the ball-and-spike — cost about \$2,000,000. Toss in Grover's own recompense of one — or is it two? — hundred thousand per and, pals, you got a neat piece of change.

Now, Mr. High comes along and tells us that excessive labor costs were less than 3 per cent of the total swag. He sobs forth the sad stories of gouging unionists who saw, for a change, that they were on the sugared side of

the bun and wants us to moan with him because they nastily took the opportunity to underline the rules. Since when has the team on the other side of the tracks put on a Gaston and Alfonse act when they were riding high with kickbacks, damned low wages, and heavy unemployment to keep the victims from squawking too much?

And, it might be added, the World of Tomorrow was merely a moment's interlude in a fight during which labor is most of the time on the underside. If the boys didn't take this wee letdown in pressure to get up and dust off their pants they should've had their heads examined. Mr. High simply indicates that there is no need to make the examination.

"Ominous . . ." — nuts.

S. L. SOLON

New York City.



THE EDITOR APOLOGIZES

SIR: I note with perturbed surprise that my article on the Paramecium has been published under the title "The World's Smallest Animal." The Paramecium is very far from being the world's smallest animal. The title, of course, was not of my invention, and was presumably bestowed on the article in consequence of a misunderstanding of a phrase I used.

The Paramecium is a protozoan, and the protozoa are indeed the smallest of the beasts; but the Paramecium is by no means the smallest of the protozoa. Will you please give space to this explanation before an avalanche of objection-and-reproof descends on me?

ALAN DEVOE

*Hillsdale,
New York.*

(The blame rests wholly on our shoulders. We put the not-so-brilliant title on Mr. Devoe's essay with the mistaken notion that we were adding lustre to a brilliant article. — Ed.)

IN PRAISE OF DEMOCRACY

SIR: I am writing you to tell you I appreciate the stand you have taken recently. The whole world sees clearly now the attitude of fascist Germany and dictatorial Russia. I said, after my fourteen months in Europe, there wasn't a speck of difference between the two countries. Russia is an uncertain country and a very dangerous one. It wouldn't surprise me to see another revolution there. Maybe that is why Russia is bargaining with Germany. Germany would help her put down a revolt — or at least Russia could be friendly toward Germany so Germany wouldn't cross the border and gobble a bit of Russian territory. This is giving the American communists a lot to explain.

I can't understand how any true American would want to belong to a communist or fascist party. With all our faults, we have the finest country in the world: we have freedom; we can write; we can live. We should fight to keep our country as it is — freedom in Democracy — and not so damned much regimentation.

JESSE STUART

*Riverton,
Kentucky.*



GUNS FOR BABY

SIR: Among the news items that sift over the radio, I heard one the other day about a woman playground director who is confiscating all toy guns found on boys under her supervision. She is also preventing all battles between imaginary Siegfried and Maginot lines. It is her worthy purpose to discourage the youth of America from becoming war minded. But as a mother who has been through this phase of boy life, I have come to the conclusion that it is just a phase that every active boy passes through, which takes different forms according to current news and trends. I fear if such a ban is put upon their play with toy guns, the very prohibition will bottle up these natural instincts and hold them over into adult life instead of getting it out of them in play.

Instead of snatching toy guns from little boys, and thus possibly creating their interest and curiosity through prohibition, those in charge of the young should spend their time teaching them the real truth about history and economics. Take the fairy tales out of history books. Eliminate the hyphens from new Americans — foreign-born citizens and the American children of foreign-born parents. Help them to break the blood ties that reach across the water to other lands. Teach them why their ancestors came to this country — for the freedom which we must cherish.

MRS. H. H. CLARK

*New Hope,
Pennsylvania.*



ON LOAN SHARKS

SIR: "Licensed Loan Sharks" in your September issue was truly excellent. I always suspected that these companies juggled the figures whenever they "renewed" a loan, and the article shows very clearly how they obtain compound interest through tricky manipulations. I've shown it to two of my friends who were fooled by the post-dated check racket.

"Licensed Loan Sharks" should be made required reading for all small borrowers.

RAY GARN

*Brooklyn,
New York.*

SIR: The article in your September issue entitled "Licensed Loan Sharks" does a grave injustice to the Supervisors of Small Loan Laws in the various states that have adopted and are working under the Russell Sage Foundation law. As far as Louisiana is concerned, the inference that licensees of this State indulge in the practices outlined in the article is untruthful and libelous.

We do not permit illegal lenders to operate in this State. The licensees under Act, who are under strict surveillance at all times, conform to all injunctions set forth in the Law and the rules and regulations of the State Banking Department — hence we know that

such practices as this article mentions do not and cannot take place in Louisiana. Licensees fully understand that any irregularities would cause their license to be revoked.

If your writer has any information about irregularities he should lay it before the proper authorities in his state; and before you publish such a general article you should ascertain if it is true before you allow such a slander on men throughout the country who are conscientiously doing their duty.

T. J. WALSH
Special Inspector
Small Loan Division

Baton Rouge,
Louisiana.

THE AUTHOR COMMENTS

SIR: My article did not claim that every licensed lender in every state was guilty of every unlawful practice. Mr. Walsh, however, unqualifiedly asserts that no licensed lender in the state of Louisiana commits any illegal acts. "It can't happen here," says Mr. Walsh.

Chosen at random from the judicial reports, the following facts appear: In the case of *Automobile Security Corp. vs. Nemo* (144 So. 269), the Court of Appeal set aside a loan, declaring it illegal and void on the ground that the licensed lender had charged usurious rates of interest. *This happened in Louisiana.* In the case of *Davis Loan Co. vs. Blanchard* (14 La. App. 671), the Court of Appeal declared a loan illegal and void because the licensed lender had imposed extra unlawful charges. *This happened in Louisiana.* In the case of *Heymann vs. Powers* (145 So. 44) the borrower died while indebted to the loan company. The company thereupon sued his widow, claiming that she had signed the note and a mortgage on the household furniture. The widow denied the authenticity of the signature. The trial Court found that the signature was a forgery; and the Court of Appeal affirmed this finding and declared the note and mortgage illegal and void. *This happened in Louisiana.*

As these cases were selected from the

judicial reports of the highest Appellate Court in Louisiana, it is reasonable to infer that thousands of similar abuses occur unknown, undiscovered, and uncontested. My article was not intended to impugn the integrity of Mr. Walsh or the State of Louisiana. It was written to enlighten the small-loan borrower and to inform him of his rights. If he is uninformed, he cannot possibly present charges to Mr. Walsh and the other authorities; and hence, the fact that they "are conscientiously doing their duty," is of no consequence.

NOAH ROTWEIN

New York City.

END

RAZZING MR. RASCOE

SIR: Burton Rascoe's diatribe on E. A. Hooton's book, *Twilight of Man*, makes a run-of-the-mill human like myself want to read it. Mr. Rascoe scorns the author's semantics (pardon, his use of words) as mere cacophony; his so-called science of anthropology as another fancy of the academic cortex; his sense of humor as the wisecracking of a classroom punchinello; his literary style as a symptom of *dementia praecox*, and finally the doctor himself as a life member of the lunatic fringe. Such treatment of *any* book seems anything but satisfying factual criticism. Mr. Rascoe does, however, give the reader a dazzling glimpse of his own erudition, and makes us almost sorry that he, rather than the victim of his jeremiad, did not write the *Twilight of Man*.

If Mr. Rascoe had read more carefully, we are constrained to believe he would have sensed that it is the vast number of *homo flatulens*, rather than *homo sapiens*, in the human family that makes such a book both opportune and logical. We believe, also, that Mr. Rascoe should not have read it: it is too strong medicine for certain types of *genus homo*.

CURRIDEN HOWE

Boston.

SIR: Burton Rascoe, who condemns so freely and is so sure that his taste in humor

is perfect, says Alexis de Tocqueville wrote
The Spirit of the Laws! Exit Montesquieu!

E. P. GRAHAM

*Canton,
Ohio.*



CREDIT FOR PENNSYLVANIA

SIR: It seems quite strange to me that your article in the October MERCURY "Molly Pitcher: Hard Boiled Heroine" should be prefaced with the lines "This MERCURY Miniature presents another lusty Yankee Original." Why must all American history be cast in Yankeeism? I believe there is as much history in Westmoreland County, western Pennsylvania, as in all Yankeeland: Washington's Expeditions; Braddock's Defeat; Forbes' Expedition; the Battle at Ligonier, which ended the French resistance in the territory now the United States; Bushy Run, which ended the Pontiac Rebellion; Dunmore's Rebellion; Whiskey Insurrection, etc. From primary school text books, one would think the Pontiac Rebellion occurred somewhere in the suburbs of Boston.

Your article shows that Molly Pitcher was a Pennsylvania Dutch woman. It was in Pennsylvania that the American Spirit of Liberty was nurtured and established. So please do not forget Pennsylvania when you are discussing American history.

ERNEST O. KOOSER

*Somerset,
Pennsylvania.*



CONDEMNING CRUELTY

SIR: In your November number appears an article by Stewart H. Holbrook entitled "Our Tradition of Violence." It compares the work of lawless mobs and individuals in our history to the present cruelty in totalitarian countries. He calls us "smug" in condemning cruelty in those places. But he does not say that the violence we have experienced at home is neither condoned nor instigated by our Government, and is punished whenever possible. Whereas those in control in European

countries which we condemn use cruelty as a national policy. There is a great difference.

GERTRUDE S. TROWBRIDGE

*Winter Park,
Florida.*



ADVICE TO LOVELORN

SIR: No doubt we all agree with Gretta Palmer, whose analysis of "Advice to the Lovelorn" columns appeared in the October MERCURY, that the self-appointed mentors conducting these columns should have intensive training, perfect judgment, and supernatural wisdom. But reading her article for the second time, I am increasingly amazed and puzzled by her selection of "horrible examples." They seem to me examples of exceptionally good common sense.

What, for instance, is wrong in the advice to the middle-aged wife to stop worrying about her lack of romantic feeling toward her fat, bald husband, and the reminder that there can be peace and comfort in the later stages of marriage "when love settles down into glorified friendship?" Good common sense, that seems to me, though Gretta Palmer stigmatizes it as a sign of unhealthy "disillusion."

What is wrong with the advice to the girl not to dig up unnecessary confessions of a past mistake which would torture both herself and the man she is about to marry? What is wrong about suggesting that an illegitimate baby be adopted by another family, when its presence would bring dissension and disgrace into its own? What is wrong with the advice to let a runaway wife go, rather than trying to hold her against her will?

No, I can't agree that these are horrible examples of the columnist's incompetence. If I were one of the perplexed or the lovelorn, I should trust to the guidance of Dorothy Dix rather than to that of Gretta Palmer, on the basis of the latter's criticism.

H. B. REYNOLDS

*San Francisco.
California.*

PHILATELISTS OBJECT

SIR: in your October issue you published an article by Stephen Naft called "Making Fools of Philatelists," which is evidently written by someone who is not at all familiar with stamp collecting. In regard to the sales of the Philatelic Agency in Washington the figures given are correct, but it is an error to say that they represent a clear profit to the Government. In the first place the salaries of some 12-15 people employed by the agency must be deducted from the sales; also cost of paper, ink, etc. Furthermore, it is incorrect to say that none of these stamps is ever used postally; although the material sent out by the agency is picked material we often find stamps that have defects which make them unsuitable for collecting purposes and which are used on mail. The author is also at fault, when he speaks of pre-canceled stamps. Their use is strictly prescribed by the Government, which issues them for certain classes of mail limited in this country to parcel post and mailers of large quantities of advertising matter and catalogs. I should be very much surprised if the writer of your article could even purchase a pre-canceled stamp at any post office except through favor of the Postmaster. This pre-canceling is done to save on labor in canceling an ordinary stamp.

What the author probably had in mind was the canceled-to-order stamp. Certain governments, especially Liberia, started that racket. I understand that formerly it was not unusual for the Postmaster General to come on board a steamer lying off the coast and sell stamps to the passengers and crew, sometimes at less than face value. But in order to make it impossible for these stamps to be resold to the inhabitants of the issuing country, they were canceled before being sold. All stamps were canceled by the agency before being sold. There is however no doubt that a number of governments are deriving a nice revenue from the excessive printing of needless stamps and the only redress we collectors have is to cease to collect that country.

EMIL PAASCHE

Chicago.

SIR: Stephen Naft, author of "Making Fools of Philatelists", is by no means a philatelist, and neither does he know the subject, or whereof he speaks. Mr. Naft claims that philatelists once collected *used* stamps. They still do. Why is it that all writers who profess to know about philatelic matters always use this in their articles: "stamps to *paste* up in their albums?" Collectors do not *paste* stamps; they do affix them with "hinges" (not the hardware variety!). Pasting went out with the dodo bird.

EDWIN BROOKS

Chicago.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: I admit that the government has some expenses connected with the printing and sale of its stamps—so has every counterfeiter. But the proportion of the expense in printing a square-inch little picture and the price printed on it is negligible. Therefore it is no such exaggeration to say that stamps printed for collectors mainly represent clear profit, when for millions of such stamps no postal service is rendered. I never said the American government indulged in the business of selling stamps below denomination value pre-canceled in advance for collectors. But Mr. Paasche informs me to my great surprise that even postmasters of the United States are doing such business, which I believed was only the specialty of Nicaragua and Soviet Russia. My remarks did not, of course, refer to the legitimate pre-cancels used in large quantities in America for circulars, etc. But every stamp shop in New York will sell you the latest issues of Russian stamps neatly canceled, with the gum untouched, considerably below the denomination value. And recently I learned from a stamp dealer that the Soviet government pays its consuls abroad partly or entirely in un-canceled and pre-canceled stamps which they dispose of as best they can to the stamp dealers in America and the rest of the world. Thus they save valuta.

Is Mr. Paasche's remark "no doubt a number of governments are deriving a nice

revenue from the excessive printing of needless stamps" not a confirmation of the gist of my whole article?

STEPHEN NAFT

New York City.



FROM RUPERT HUGHES

SIR: I note with some chagrin that an article in your November number called "Madame Jumel" refers to her story as "one of the never-told tales of American history." In 1923 I wrote a novel about her called *The Golden Ladder*, which had a circulation of a million or more as a serial in *Red Book*, was published in book form the following year, and was a best seller. My book was as true to fact as I could make it and where it was fiction I tried to fill the gaps in the record as plausibly as possible. I based the work in part on the voluminous affidavits in the trial over Mme. Jumel's estate, and in part on *The Jumel Mansion*, by William H. Shelton, published in 1916. He was long the curator of the mansion, and a life long student of the records.

Long after his book and mine were published Mr. Shelton told me that he had solved the mystery of Betty's sudden departure from France by discovering a royal order notifying her to dash for the first boat out of Bordeaux, or else. She was one of the wickedest and one of the most fascinating adventuresses in history. Beginning as a little waterfront prostitute in Providence and ending as the richest woman in America, she was certainly something.

RUPERT HUGHES

Los Angeles.



SQUAWK FROM ALBERTA

SIR: Gorham Munson is all wet in his criticism of Stuart Shaw's article "Utopia Comes to Canada." Maj. Douglas visited Canada on two occasions, in 1923 and in 1935. His first Canadian public appearance was in 1923, before a Royal Commission on Banking. Douglas did not fare well before the Commission, as the "natives" who examined his theory showed a surprising grasp of economics.

He was brought to Canada in 1935 by the United Farmers, who then had control of the Alberta government. The Farmers were on the political skids, and sought to placate their critics by importing the Whiz of Fig Tree Court. This visit by Douglas was another Munich for the appeasers.

Loud guffaws rise throughout Alberta when the names of Powell and Byrne, the Social Credit "experts" are mentioned. Even Social Creditors joke about these two English carpetbaggers, whom Mr. Munson calls "successful businessmen." Powell's revelation of financial magic took the form of a leaflet entitled *Banker's Toadies or Exterminate the Vermin*. For this he was rewarded by a six-months' rap in the Saskatchewan big house. Powell was evidently worth more to the Social Justice politicians in jail than out of it, for they awarded him a bonus of \$4000 for the three months he had actually done in the cooler. Powell then departed for England, the Aberhardt government conveniently forgetting to dock him for the Provincial income tax. However, the federal authorities nabbed him as he was boarding a train for New York and took their tax-cut.

Altogether it seems to me that Mr. Munson's vision of the general current of Canadian politics is on a par with that of a devout Stalinist who sees in Russia a "pure democracy."

FRANK CUSACK

Calgary,
Alberta.



THE EDITORS REBUKED

SIR: I read your magazine with fascinated curiosity. How can one set of editors, I wonder, hate so many things? Among the things you and your contributors detest — as reflected in the last two issues, by way of example — are the following: Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia, the New Deal, the Old Deal, British propaganda, Senator Reynolds, craft labor unions, the Governor of Wisconsin, different phases of American history ("Our Tradition of Violence"), college football,

liberals as a class, lovelorn columns, Mississippi politics, and so on. This doesn't exhaust the list. So what do you like, other than attacking everything within reach?

Surely there are constructive jobs that a magazine like yours can do! Everywhere people, weak and ludicrous though they may be, are showing courage and ingenuity. How about giving them credit? Everywhere, even in government, are men and women giving the best they have, and thinking as clearly as they can within their limitations. How about giving them credit? True, the world picture at the moment is disheartening. But even in the midst of war there are peace groups. In the midst of mobilizations there are conscientious objectors. In the midst of racketeering there are socially minded leaders and protesters.

Attacking is fun. Kicking things over is wholesome. But no one has a right to do it unless he also contributes towards building up, towards defending the worthwhile.

JOAN B. LAWRENCE

Chicago.

~

IN BRIEF

Rev. Charles S. Macfarland's revelations on the Nazi regime's fight on Christianity are challenged by a number of readers. William Schaumann of Portland, Oregon, for instance, believes the author has attacked Nazi leaders "blindly . . . without examining their reasons." There is much that could be said on the subject, he writes, "but then it is of little use. Nothing would be published in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* anyway, nor in most American magazines" . . . Christine Olson, of Rowland, Nevada, suggests at least half-seriously

that "If some of our people must be 'plowed under,' would it not be cheaper, more humane . . . to eliminate by humane methods, without the power and glory of war, the lowest stratum of our people — also most of those in high places?" Of course, there may be some trouble when it comes to deciding who will plow under whom. Our guess is that the wrong people would be plowed under, including ourselves. . . . An eloquent, if brief, anti-war plea reaches us from Jimmie Davidson, who is "just twelve years old," under the title "*The Munition Makers Stink.*" A triumph for the uninhibited modern literature. . . . Milton S. Mayer's piece on the American Legion, as we expected, brought a lot of brickbats. But there were also a few bouquets in the shipment. Carl I. Kampf writes: "From the very beginning of the Legion, I sensed its mission and said to my friends, 'Here goes Old Glory into the strike-breaking business.'" . . . An angry diatribe against the British Empire, and obliquely at our editorial on the war in the October issue, comes from Micaela Wall, of Long Island City, New York. Arguing that England should do her own fighting and not drag in others, she concludes: "Britain wants to down the only prosperous countries in the world today, she must destroy the only governments that solved unemployment, she must annihilate the only social systems that give their people work instead of starvation, etc." Well, there is much to be said on the other side of the question so far as the happiness and prosperity of the German and Russian masses are concerned. In fact, we've said it at various times. . . . Incidentally, the Open Forum welcomes letters on any theme, and not merely comments and criticisms on the articles in these pages.



THE CONTRIBUTORS

MATTHEW BILLER (*A Fugitive Text*) has written two books of verse; he lives in Pasadena, California. ROBERT CLURMAN (*Game of Cards*), who is only 20, is the author of a play and has directed several; now he is touring with a road company of *Golden Boy*. MCALISTEE COLEMAN (*New Jersey, Politicians' Paradise*), well-known political writer, lives in Radburn, New Jersey, and is author of *Pioneers of Freedom* and other books. JAMES T. FARRELL (*The End of a Literary Decade*) is the author of the Studs Lonigan trilogy and has just published *Tommy Gallagher's Crusade*. IRVING FISKE (*Pecos Bill, Cyclone Buster*), until three years ago a radio technician, now writes plays and radio scripts. JOHN GOULD FLETCHER (*Russia Invades Poland*), distinguished poet, translator, and essayist, lives in Little Rock, Arkansas. FRANCES FROST (*First Snow*) is a frequent contributor of verse to THE MERCURY and other magazines. CRADDOCK GOINS (*Angry Editor of the South*) is a veteran newspaperman who has seen service in many cities. EMIL LENGYEL (*The Czechs Prepare to Strike*) writes and lectures extensively on European affairs; his latest book is *The Danube*. HARLAND MANCHESTER (*Football's Palace Revolution*), journalist and radio commentator, wrote *The Headmaster Murder Mystery* in the August MERCURY. JERRY MASON (*Vocal Boys Make Good*) writes on radio and kindred subjects for numerous magazines. JEROME MELLQUIST (*Wanted: Art Critics*) was formerly art editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*; he has published many articles on art. MAX NOMAD (*Poland Without a Halo*) is the author of *Apostles of Revolution, Rebels and Renegades*, and other works. HERMANN RAUSCHNING (*Hitler Told Me This*), author of *The Revolution of Nihilism*, broke with the National Socialist Party headed by Hitler and is now in exile; as Nazi President of the Danzig Senate he was in close touch with all the outstanding leaders of the present German regime. KATHARINE ROBERTS (*The Thought Heard Round the World*), playwright, lecturer, foreign correspondent, short-story writer, now lives in New York. DAVID ROSS (*Man's Need*) is the well known radio announcer and anthologist. HERBERT SOLOW (*Stalin's Great American Hoax*) was recently an investigator for the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee and has written many articles on aspects of the American radical movement. I. D. W. TALMADGE (*Another Grand Old Party*) is a former New York newspaperman. MAURICE ZOLOTOW (*Bohemia on the Campus*) is a writer of fiction and articles, now doing publicity work.

INDEX TO VOLUME XLVIII

Abend, Hallett: Japan Can't Rule China	50	Escher, John: Baseball Madness in Brooklyn	79
Americana	99, 229, 357, 482	Farrell, James T.: Louis XVI and Napoleon	112
Baird, Joseph H.: Moscow's Man in Washington	85	End of a Literary Decade	408
Barnes, Harry Elmer: When Last We Were Neutral	276	Fiske, Irving: Pecos Bill, Cyclone Buster	403
Bates, Ernest S.: "Publick Univer- sal Friend"	292	Fletcher, John Gould: On the Rus- sian Invasion of Poland	490
Beard, Daniel C.: Life Begins at Eighty!	216	Friedrich, Ralph: October Noon	236
Beatty, Jerome: Fighting Disease in Paradise	65	Frost, Frances: First Snow	489
Bell, Ulric: Sen. Reynolds Saves America	304	Gessler, Clifford: Rain in Uruapan, Mexico	237
Biller, Matthew: A Fugitive Text	489	Goins, Craddock: Hooch and Homi- cide in Mississippi	181
Cahan, Abraham: Life Begins at Eighty!	216	Angry Editor of the South	465
Capsule Wisdom	64, 204, 345	Graham, David L.: Yankees Are Human	37
Cassity, John H., M.D.: Are You the Suicide Type?	172	Grow, Raymond: King Is Daid!	212
Check List . . ix, 118; iv, 244; 372; 496		Hare, James H.: Life Begins at Eighty!	216
Clurman, Robert: Game of Cards	449	Healy, T. F.: The Tinker	334
Coffin, Robert P. T.: Ungathered Grapes	364	Heckscher, August: Life Begins at Eighty!	216
Coleman, McAlister: New Jersey, Politicians' Paradise	426	High, Stanley: Labor in the World of Tomorrow	285
Connell, Catharine: Legend	110	Holbrook, Stewart H.: Our Tradi- tion of Violence	338
Contributors	128, 256, 384, 510	Johns, W. D.: Life Begins at Eighty!	216
Cook, Whitfield: Husbands Grow on Trees	72	Johnson, Geoffrey: Other Prophet	236
Cooper, Courtney R.: Divorce by Murder	42	Langland, Joseph: Viking Pioneer	365
Corey, Herbert: Silver Swindle	18	Lengyel, Emil: Czechs Prepare to Strike	415
Cummings, Parke: Art of the Off- Color Story	26	Lieberman, Elias: Maine Fog: In- land	111
Devoe, Alan: About the Bat	106	Lunacy: Right and Left 71, 170, 312, 440	
Myths About Snakes	232	Lundberg, Isabel: Millionaire Luna- tic Fringe	92
World's Smallest Animal	360	Lyons, Eugene: America Faces Europe's War	224
The Deer	485	Stalin, Autocrat of All the Russias	238
Dorrance, Dick and Ranson: You Can't Sing That!	324	Europe on Our Horizon	352
Downey, Fairfax: Molly Pitcher: Hardboiled Heroine	187	Menace of Leisure; Lindy, Lindy	477
Edman, Irwin: Undergraduates Never Change	11	Macfarland, Rev. C. S.: Hitler or Christ	1

Manchester, Harland: Football's Palace Revolution	434	Roosevelt, Nicholas: Sense and Sen- sation in Latin America	163
Mason, Jerry: Vocal Boys Make Good	462	Rotwein, Noah: Licensed Loan Sharks	57
Mayer, Milton S.: American Legion Takes Orders	148	Sameth, Sigmund: Camera Fans Are Suckers	89
Mellquist, Jerome: Wanted: Art Critics	491	Schlamm, Willi: Carol, Rumania's Glamour King	30
Naft, Stephen: Making Fools of Philatelists	158	Schwandner, Harvey W.: Wiscon- sin's Problem Governor	272
Nock, Albert J.: Postscript on the Royal Visit	102	Skinner, Otis: Life Begins at Eighty!	216
Nomad, Max: Behind the Moscow- Berlin Axis	143	Solow, Herbert: Stalin's Great American Hoax	394
Poland Without a Halo	442	Sternberg, Fritz: Germany and a Prolonged War	296
Oliver, Bryce: Japan Takes Over the Philippines	257	Talmadge, I. D. W.: Another Grand Old Party	456
Open Forum	121, 247, 376, 500	Tunis, John R.: What Price College Football?	129
Palmer, Gretta: "Did I Do Wrong?"	197	Valtin, Jan: Communist Agent	264
Popkin, Zelda: Madame Jumel: Vice-Queen	327	Vernon, Grenville: Stars Over Broadway	178
Prommel, Helen H.: Unleashed	365	Vogeler, Edward J.: Passing of the Pool Shark	346
Ranson, Jo and Dorrance: You Can't Sing That!	324	Waldeck, R. G.: Dictatorship of the Good Cause	205
Rascoe, Burton: All in the Name of Anthropology	366	White, Owen P.: Farmer and the New Deal	314
Rauschnig, Hermann: Hitler Told Me This	385	Willis, George W.: Not Time, But Rhythm	191
Recorded Music	x, x, x, x, x	Zolotow, Maurice: Bohemia on the Campus	471
Roberts, Katharine: Thought Heard Round the World	423		



for *Smooth Speed* IN DELUXE TRAVEL TO **california**

Dedicated entirely to first-class travel, Santa Fe's extra-fare streamliners, the *Super Chief* and the *Chief*, provide the utmost in train beauty, comfort and speed, and Fred Harvey cuisine, for journeys to and from California • The *Super Chief*, departing from Chicago on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, is the only all-Pullman streamliner on a 39¾-hour schedule to Los Angeles • The *Chief* is the hours-fastest *daily* all-Pullman train between Chicago and Los Angeles, and the only *daily* streamliner between these two points • This winter, it will be wise to make your reservations on these two magnificent streamliners, well in advance.

T. B. Gallaher, P. T. M., Santa Fe System Lines
1302 Railway Exchange, Chicago

THE *Super* **Chief** AND **Chief**



PRODUCED AND BY LINZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

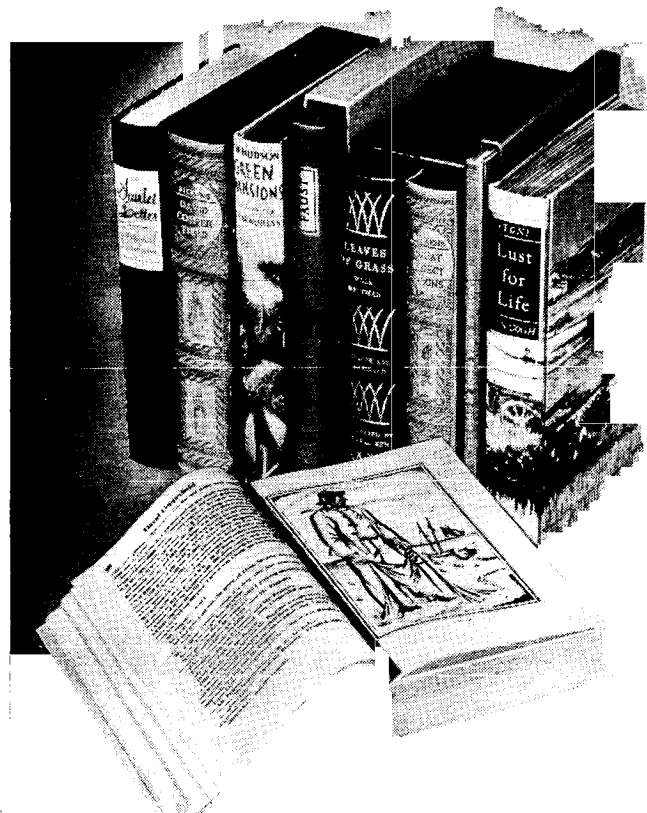
YOU ARE INVITED TO ACCEPT A

Trial Membership

IN THE HERITAGE CLUB

You are invited to accept,
for a period of eight months only,
a membership in The Heritage Club.

If you accept this invitation,
you will obtain a series of
beautiful, *beautiful* books—at less than
the cost of an ordinary novel.



THE members of The Heritage Club regularly come into

miraculous enough, they are guaranteed against disappointment after receiving any of the books.

You are invited to try this system. You are invited to subscribe for eight books only, at a cost of \$2.50 each or of \$18 if you pay for all eight of them now. In October you will be sent *Lust for Life*, the fictionalized biography of Vincent Van Gogh by Irving Stone, illustrated with 150 reproductions, by various processes, of Van Gogh's own work. In November you will receive Dickens' novel *Great Expectations*, illustrated in color by the English artist Edward Ardizzone. In December you will receive *The Song of Songs*, illuminated by hand in pure gold by Valenti Angelo and bound in genuine leather. In the succeeding months, you will receive Goethe's *Faust* illustrated with lithographs by Eugene Delacroix; *Green Mansions* by W. H. Hudson, illustrated by Miguel Covarrubias; *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman, illustrated with 120 drawings by Rockwell Kent; *The Scarlet Letter* by Nathaniel Hawthorne, illustrated by W. A. Dwiggin; *David Copperfield* by Charles Dickens, illustrated by John Austen.

If you are not satisfied with any of the books, you can exchange it for a copy of any of the many books published by the Club! This trial membership is offered you because the Directors of The Heritage Club confidently believe that you *will* be satisfied, that you will find these books rich treasures for your home, books that you will be proud to own.

They are books which one exhibits to one's friends with pride. They are books which one re-reads and re-reads. They are illustrated, some in black-and-white but most in full color, by the world's leading illustrators. They are printed on papers with a high rag content, carrying a chemist's assurance that they will remain in fine condition for at least two centuries.

Never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books. The trial membership gives you an opportunity to put this statement to the test. Fill out the coupon printed herewith and mail it to The Heritage Club promptly.

Trial Membership

THE HERITAGE CLUB, 595 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

I HEREBY apply for an eight months' Trial Membership in THE HERITAGE CLUB. I understand that this membership will be assigned to me permanently, but that I may relinquish it, after I have received the eight trial books, by notice in writing.

Please enter my order now for the eight books to be issued monthly beginning in October. I understand that I am guaranteed complete satisfaction in each book; that I may exchange any book, within two weeks after receiving it, for any other book published by the Club.

☐ I agree to send you a remittance for \$2.50 (plus nominal carrying charges) for each book immediately upon its delivery to me.

☐ I am taking a discount of ten per cent, and enclose herewith my check for \$18.00 for which these eight books will be sent me without further cost other than the carrying charges.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

Bank Reference.....

SPECIAL CLAUSE

I understand that you will send me a free copy of your prospectus describing The Heritage Club in full detail; and that I may within two weeks from today cancel this application if I so decide.

**"Books which interpret
our times"**

THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM

Warning to the West!

BY HERMANN RAUSCHNING

The book all America is discussing! The facts revealed are so astounding and so indisputable that DOROTHY THOMPSON devoted three daily columns to it and calls it: "Absolutely essential reading!" 320 prophetic pages. \$3.00

STALIN

The Definitive Biography

BY BORIS SOUVARINE

The first authoritative biography of the man who today controls the balance of power between the democracies and dictatorships. By the famous French Authority on Soviet Affairs. Says JOHN DEWEY: "Indispensable for all who wish to understand events in Russia." 704 momentous pages. \$3.75

THE FATE OF MAN

BY H. G. WELLS

A brilliant, searching picture of man's current worldwide predicament by the author of the famous "Outline of History." Mr. Wells presents a warning of immediate importance, and a concrete recommendation that every human being should read. \$2.50

Why Hitler Can't Win! FROM NAZI SOURCES

BY DR. FRITZ STERNBERG

The book that sold 30,000 copies abroad in ONE WEEK! Hundreds of important questions on everyone's lips are answered here (inadvertently) by the Nazis themselves. Profusely illustrated by pictographs. Only \$1.75

Ask for these at your bookstore, or write
ALLIANCE BOOK CORPORATION
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Recorded MUSIC

*** indicate an outstanding performance,
** a competent performance, * an acceptable performance.
††† denote exceptional recording.
†† efficient recording, † poor recording.

ORCHESTRAL

***†† *Symphony No. 2, in D, Op. 36, Beethoven*: (Columbia Album M-377, \$6.00). Beecham's 1937 disks (Columbia Album 302), less aptly exuberant only than his marvellous 1927 version, now unlisted, seemed destined to be the standard. But this newest performance, by Felix Weingartner and the London Symphony Orchestra, while generally similar in contour, has a lyric mellowness quite irresistible; and because of somewhat superior recording may be as a whole preferable to the Beecham set.

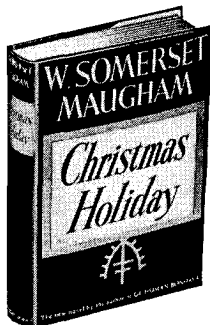
***†† *Symphony No. 41, in C, 'Jupiter', K 551, Mozart*: (Victor Album 584, \$5.75). The only set technically comparable to this by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra is Beecham's (Columbia Album 194). Tempo and accent differ widely, with the choice here going to Beecham's quick movements and Walter's *andante*. Walter's recording is regularly more resonant and in general better detailed, but Beecham's orchestra is more cohesively disciplined. A stalemate.

***††† *Carmen Suite, Bizet*: (Columbia Album X-144, \$3.50). Near perfection in direction and playing by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, realized in a clean, robust and round recording. But the four *Preludes*, the *Guard-Mount Chorus* and the *Chanson Bohème* (the two last without voices) are given in a dizzily mixed sequence that prominent conductors alone can confuse with creative accomplishment.

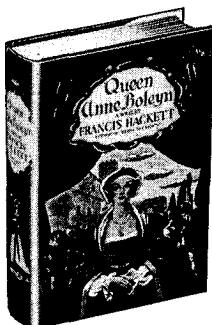
***†† *Les Eolides, Franck*: (Columbia Album X-145, \$3.50). The notes accompanying this first recording of the composer's first orches-

14 of Today's Most SIGNIFICANT BOOKS

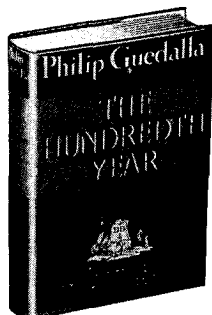
Which of them do you want to READ-to GIVE?



☐ **CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY**, by W. Somerset Maugham. One of his very best . . . While it is as brilliant as his other novels it is more thoughtful, more timely, more necessary to read."—Peter Monro Jack, *Times Review*. \$2.50

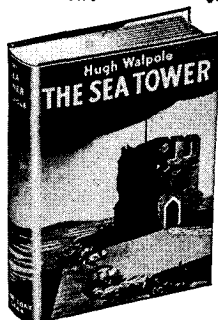


☐ **QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN**, by Francis Hackett, author of *Henry the Eighth*. "A big novel for those who like bones and meat and brains and stomach to their historical novels, who find in history an illumination of the present."—*Herald-Tribune*. \$2.75

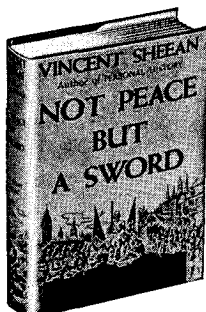


☐ **THE HUNDREDTH YEAR**, by Philip Guedalla. Around the pivot of a single year our times are turning. This is the record of that year, told with brilliance and prophetic vision. \$3.00

☐ **GOOD MAINE FOOD**, by Marjorie Mosser, with Introduction and Notes by Kenneth Roberts. Over 1,000 recipes for ancient and modern New England food and drink. \$2.50



☐ **THE SEA TOWER**, by Hugh Walpole. Not since his memorable *Portrait of a Man With Red Hair* has Walpole written a psychological novel of such power and fascination. \$2.50



☐ **NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD**, by Vincent Sheean. Here is the most vivid picture of what modern war means to individual men and women—of what the dark and dangerous future portends. \$2.75

☐ **JACK LONDON AND HIS TIMES**, by Joan London. The true Jack London is revealed in this unconventional study by his daughter. \$3.00

☐ **THE STORY OF SURGERY**, by Harvey Graham. "Almost incredible, an absorbing story, rich in humor and amusing anecdote."—*San Francisco Chronicle*. \$3.75

☐ **TO STEP ASIDE**, Seven Stories by Noel Coward. The first book of fiction by the author of *Present Indicative* and *Present Indicative*. Just out. \$2.50

☐ **ACROSS THE DARK RIVER**, by Peter Mendelssohn. The story, founded on almost incredible fact, of what happened to a group of Austrian refugees whose world was suddenly reduced to a bleak backwater on the Danube. Just out. \$2.50

☐ **IN DEFENSE OF FRANCE**, by Edouard Daladier. The "strong man" of France presents his country's case. \$2.50

☐ **THE ARROGANT HISTORY OF WHITE BEN**, by Clemence Dane. The most original figure of current fiction. \$2.50

☐ **WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN**, by Maurice Hindus. "A memorable account of those weeks which profoundly affected the history of our time."—*Vincent Sheean*. \$3.00

☐ **THE LIVING TRADITION**: Change and America, by Simeon Strunsky. A calm reaffirmation of faith in the American way of life. \$3.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

14 West 49th St. • Rockefeller Center • New York, N.Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Personal assistance for placement and publication of fiction, non-fiction. New Authors invited. Expert reviews, criticism, rewriting, editing, ghost writing, revision.

49 West 42d Street, New York City

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT and **HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS** supplied; also family and town histories, magazine back numbers, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of wants — no obligation. We report promptly. Lowest prices. (We Also Buy Old Books and Magazines.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 W. 48th Street Dept. M New York

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation. THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS, Station O, Box 22, N. Y. C.

GENERAL

NEW CONTACTS

Through our PERSONAL SERVICE dedicated to the promotion of friendships. Discriminating clientele. Write or telephone.

Grace Bowes, Director

AMERICAN SERVICE

3140-AM Godwin Terrace, New York City
TELEPHONE KINGSBRIDGE 6-2921

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large and wealthy collectors' market. Announce your first editions, your rarities, your literary services, your stamps, prints and coins in this section. A half-inch advertisement (about 40 words) now costs only \$5.00 — and on a twelve time order only \$4.00. Write Dept. LB 12, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

ATHEIST

BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free.

Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

Test **Thin-Flex Blades** at our expense — You get a quicker, smoother shave with Thin-Flex double-edged blades. Enthusiastically recommended by users. Top rating by expert testers. Send \$1 for 30 Thin-Flex Blades. Money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Please Merchandise Co., 130 E. 51st St., N. Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF A. 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of *The American Mercury*, published monthly at Concor N. H., for October 1, 1939.
State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, Notary Public in and for the State and county a personally appeared Joseph W. Ferman, who, h been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says th he is the Business Manager of *The American Mercury* that the following is, to the best of his knowledge belief, a true statement of the ownership, m etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in t above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in sectic 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, managing editor, and business manager, Publisher, Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., N.Y. Editor, Eugene Lyons, 570 Lexington Ave., N.Y.; Man Editor, Allen Churchill, 570 Lexington Ave., N.Y.; Bus Manager, Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., N.Y.
2. That the owners are: The American Mercury, Inc Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., N.Y.; Jo V. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., N.Y.; Eugene Lyons, 5 Lexington Ave., N.Y.; M. Falk, 570 Lexington Ave.,
3. That the bondholders, mortgagees, and other securit holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of tot amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: No
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving t names of the owners, stockholders, and security hold if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and securi holders as they appear upon the books of the comp but also, in cases where the stockholder or security hold appears upon the books of the company as trustee or any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; that the said two paragraphs contain statements, embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the c umstances and conditions under which stockholders security holders who do not appear upon the books of t company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a c pacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and th affiant has no reason to believe that any other pe association, or corporation has any interest direct or i direct in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than so stated by him. J. W. Ferman, Business Manager, Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day September, 1939. Evelyn B. Kuntz, Notary Pu [Seal] (My commission expires March 30, 1941.)

New Way to Learn FRENCH, SPANISH GERMAN or ITALIA



It's almost beyond b how quickly and easily y can learn to speak and r French, German, Spanish Italian through the Cor phone Method. This m has been used by thou in all walks of life — m and women who had on spare moments to give to learning a new l

If you want to make more money — if you w better position — greater mental development greater enjoyment of life — higher social po or if you want to travel, learn to speak a foreign la guage. You can do it quickly, easily, thorou with the Cortina Short-Cut Method.

FREE BOOK Write at once for this i teresting illustrated boo "The Cortina Short-Cut" which tells you about the C tinaphone Method and how you can quickly learn to speak and read a foreign language this new way. No obligation. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it to Cortina Academy, Suite 4612, 105 West 40th Street, New York City.



Please send me your free booklet. I am interested (check language)

☐ French ☐ Spanish ☐ Italian ☐ G

Name _____

Address _____

tral work declare that Franck had "almost as many protagonists (sic) as antagonists"; but this unsensational ratio has never been attained by the flabby *Eolides*, and there is nothing in the performance by Howard Jarlow and the CBS Orchestra to help attain it.

CONCERTI

****Violin Concerto, Op. 77, Brahms:* (Victor Album 581, \$9.00). Never before has the recording of a violin concerto united large talents so successfully. The tonal wealth of Heifetz's violin and the totality of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—but particularly its massed strings—is a really startling feature of a great set, since the violinist's technical facility can startle no longer and his admirable projection of this work has long been known. Dr. Koussevitzky conducts with little of the timidity he generally saves for Brahms, and the recording engineer deserves a citation for conspicuous but unshowy ability.

****Violin Concerto, Bloch:* (Columbia Album M-380, \$6.00). The highly literate and almost persuasive garrulity of a still promising composer, relayed in superb style by Joseph Szigeti with the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory conducted by Charles Munch in an excellent first recording.

CHAMBER-MUSIC

****Quartet No. 1, in F, Op. 18, No. 1, Beethoven:* (Victor Album 550, \$5.00). The Coolidge Quartet herewith inaugurates the recording of all the string quartets of Beethoven. The series promises well if the poised and proficient elegance of the playing here can be tempered by a little more warmth in the frequent issues. Because of their divergent styles, this version and that of the Busch Quartet (Victor Album 206) ought to be compared: they are the only ones now worth ration.

INSTRUMENTAL

****No. 23, in F Minor, 'Appassionata', 57, Beethoven:* (Victor Album 583, \$5.00). Usually good reproduction of piano but remarkably drab playing by Rubin.

HAVE THAT **TAN** THAT MEN AND WOMEN ADMIRE!



NOW... 4 MINUTES with the NEW TWIN-ARC SUN LAMP is equivalent to ONE HOUR of SUNSHINE!

The pale, pasty-looking chap doesn't get to first base! "Sun" bathing in the privacy of your own home will help to keep you *looking* like a million dollars, with that bronzed TAN that men and women admire! Many a man has lost his big chance because his appearance didn't "click". Get that he-man appearance which opens the door to success!

SEE RESULTS... the first day!

Now, with the new TWIN-ARC Health Ray Sun Lamp, you'll see results quickly—for the TWIN-ARC gives you much more ultra-violet rays in *far less time!* Every **FOUR** minutes before your new TWIN-ARC—with **TWO** arcs instead of one—is equivalent to *one full hour* of June sunshine!

HEALTH BENEFITS, TOO

Frequent exposure to the ultraviolet rays of the sun helps to build strong bones and teeth, tones up the system and increases the activity of many glands. Crops of surface pimples on the face or back occurring in adolescent acne often clear up faster. Ultraviolet rays create Vitamin D and are invaluable in the prevention and treatment of rickets. Laboratory tests have shown that they quickly destroy the germs of athlete's foot. Many physicians order the use of ultra-violet ray lamps to assist the benefits of their medicinal treatment.



**\$1.00
DEPOSIT
BUYS
IT**



**FULLY GUARANTEED —
AT A LOW PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD**

Test this compact, genuine TWIN-ARC carbon lamp for 10 days at our expense! It is so easy to operate and it's approved by leading testing laboratories. You pay only \$1 down. If you decide to keep it, it's yours for the amazingly low price of \$8.95. Fully guaranteed by Health Ray Mfg. Co., Inc., of Deep River, Conn., this sun lamp will be one of the greatest investments you ever made!

TEST FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE

Health Ray Mfg. Co., Inc.

4512-N. Elm Street, Deep River, Conn.

Send full details of **FREE TRIAL OFFER** on the TWIN-ARC Health Ray Sun Lamp.

Name.....
(Please write Mrs., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

PRODUCED 2003 BY THE NATIONAL ARCHIVE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**YOUR GRACIOUS HOST
FROM COAST TO COAST**



The Gotham

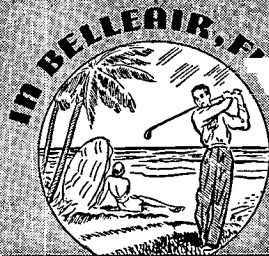


The Drake

The Blackstone



The Town House



Bellevue Biltmore

A. S. KIRKEBY, Managing Director

KIRKEBY HOTELS

EE . . . One of the Most Gripping Levels Somerset Maugham Has Ever Written: *Christmas Holiday*

"Christmas Holiday" will be one of the most widely read and discussed novels of the year. It is a book that will be enjoyed by every reader — a book you will be proud to display in your library. Accept it as a gift — now — with free Literary Guild membership.

(See Back Cover for Further Description)



W. SOMERSET
MAUGHAM

, the Guild Offers You This Great New Book FREE

principal reason is to encourage immediate acceptance of our offer of free membership in the Guild — we can demonstrate the extraordinary book which you get as a Guild Member. When you have that you will have the privilege of getting many new \$2.50 to \$5.00 books, whenever you want, for only \$2.00 — we feel that you are practically joining the Guild at once.

Membership which entitles you to this saving is yours entirely without charge and all selections **ON APPROVAL.**

Literary Guild selects for you each month the finest new books from the forthcoming lists of the publishers — fiction or non-fiction.

Magazine "Wings" FREE

Members receive free each month a copy of the Guild magazine *WINGS*, which contains, other features, articles about the current selections author, and includes a special contribution illustration. It is profusely illustrated. In addition, it is an invaluable guide to all important current for each month it reviews about 30 new books,

any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the established retail price.

WINGS also contains an advance description of the book to be selected the following month. If you feel you do not want that book, you merely notify the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, you may have it sent for your approval. Guild members are not required to purchase a book every month. As few as four selections within one year keeps your membership in force.

Other Advantages of Membership

Members who purchase four Guild selections within the six-month period between January and June, or July and December, are rewarded with a free Bonus Book worth \$3.00 or more. Full details of this popular plan will be sent you upon enrollment.

The Guild Service starts as soon as you mail the card. "Christmas Holiday" will be sent to you immediately. Send no money — just the card. Accept Guild membership at once. When you join, you agree only to take a minimum of four Guild selections during one year, for which you pay \$2.00 each, regardless of the higher retail price.

You Save
50%

the publication sells for to \$5.00, if individually in Guild membership \$2.00 for books, in Guild editionally members. are members, on the same day as the edition sale.

Literary Guild of America
Dept. 12AM
Rockefeller Plaza
New York City

Needed on
Card

MAIL THIS CARD TODAY

FREE: Somerset Maugham's
"CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY"

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA
Dept. 12AM, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York

Please enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me free "Christmas Holiday." I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine "Wings" and all other membership privileges. It is understood that I will purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only \$2.00 each (regardless of the higher retail prices) within a year, and that I may purchase, if I wish, any other books in print at the established retail prices.

Name

Address

City State

Occupation

For non-residing Canadian members, write the
Literary Guild, 388 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

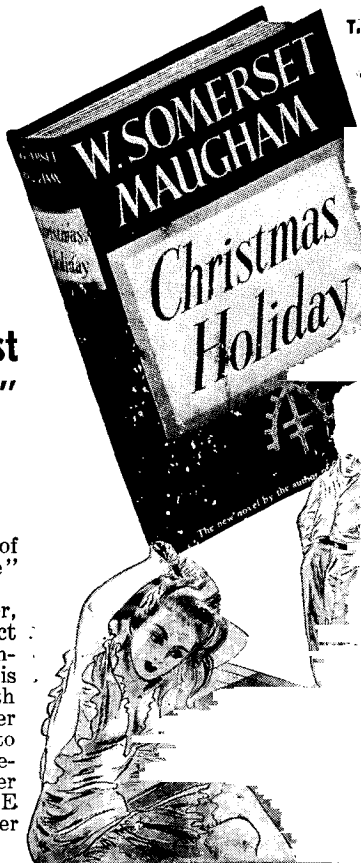
free..

if you join the LITERARY GUILD now

W. Somerset Maugham's greatest novel since "Of Human Bondage" *"Christmas Holiday"*

HERE'S the brand-new novel by the author of "Sadie Thompson," "Of Human Bondage" and other unforgettable classics — *yours as a gift!*

"Christmas Holiday" is the story of a murderer, a prostitute, and a revolutionary, and their impact on the life of a carefully brought up young Englishman who meets them during a visit to Paris. It is from first to last a stirring tale that gets beneath the skin of the reader. It is at the same time a thriller and a profound study of human nature, destined to rank in literature with the most mature of its celebrated author's works. Although a current best-seller from coast to coast at \$2.50, you may have it **FREE** if you join the Literary Guild now. See further details inside this cover.



First Class
PERMIT No. 983
(Sec. 510 P. L. & R.)
New York, N. Y.

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

No Postage Stamp Needed If Mailed In United States

4c POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY
LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA
9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK CITY

Fra...
writes
Holi...
anything
literature."
the ...
Even...
"Maugha
novel for
years."

SEE C
SIDE
THIS C
The Post
Accept
No C...

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED